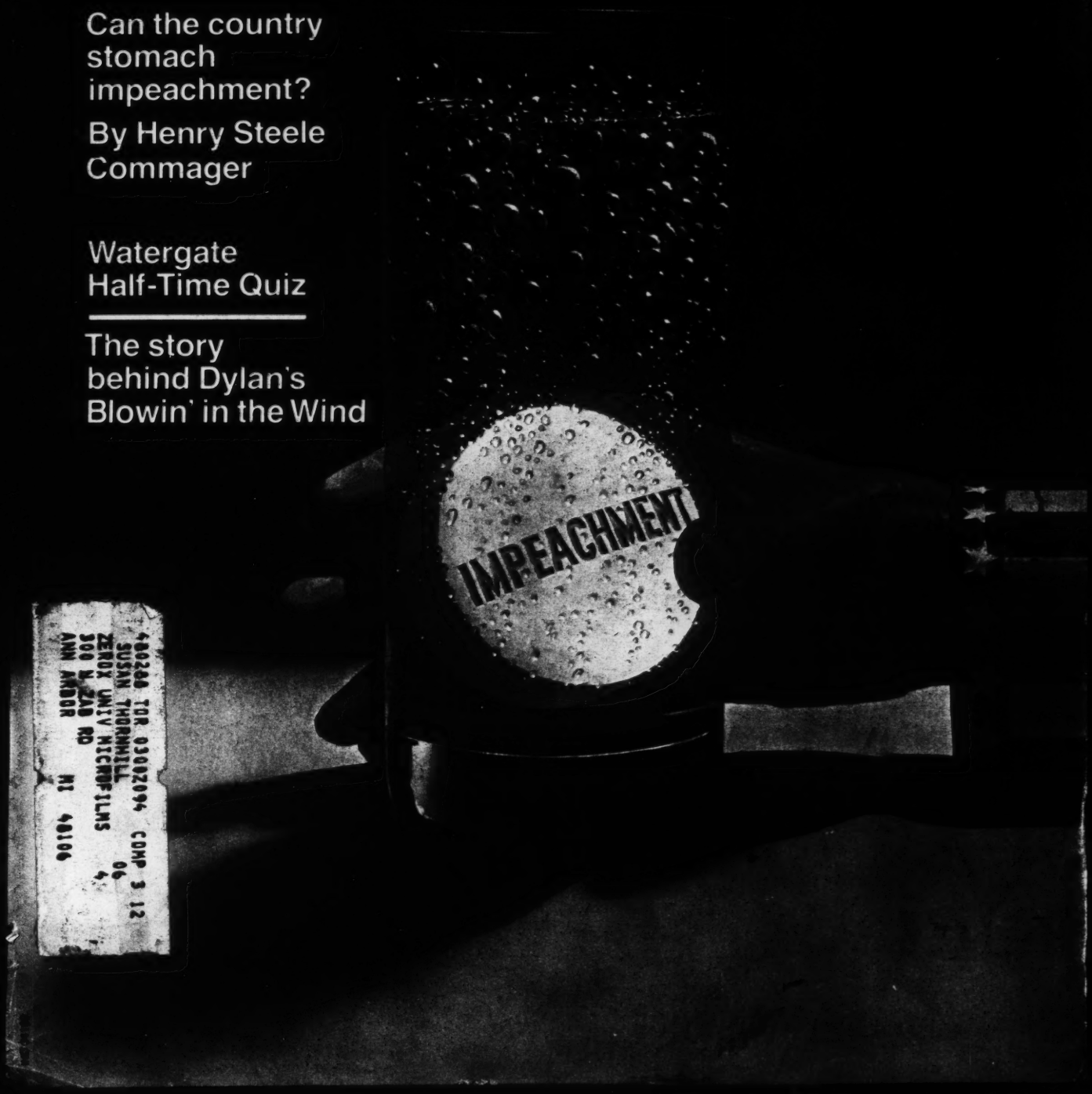
Can the country stomach impeachment?

By Henry Steele Commager

Watergate Half-Time Quiz

The story behind Dylan's Blowin' in the Wind



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I love to sing. And I love to drink Scotch. Most people would rather hear me drink Scotch.

BY GEORGE BURNS

WHEN THEY ASKED ME to write this article, they said to be sure and mention Teacher's Scotch, but not to drag it in, make it sound natural. Well, I just mentioned it, and that sounded natural. It sounded so natural I'll mention it again—Teacher's Scotch.

I'm a great writer. If I had a beard, I'd be another Hemingway.

They told me they wanted a fresh approach. Well, to write fresh you have to think fresh, and to think fresh you have to be fresh. I haven't been fresh January 20th will be 31 years. I'm not going to tell you my age, but I've reached that point in life where I catch cold if I smoke a cigar without a holder on it.

But don't worry, I'll never give up singing. In fact, I started singing the day I was born. I remember the doctor kept slapping me, but I wouldn't stop until I finished two choruses of "Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie". And when I started the verse to "Honeysuckle Rose", he put me in the incubator and turned off the heat. It's a good thing I was smoking a cigar or I'd have froze to death.

I never did like that doctor. He wouldn't put Teacher's Scotch in my bottle.—See how naturally I mentioned that without dragging it in. I'm a great writer even without a beard.

But I've found out that a little drink now and then helps my singing. It loosens my vocal chords. Sometimes my vocal chords get so loose that whenever I hit a low note I step on them. And when I step on them, I hit a high note. I lead a very nervous life. In the morning I get up a baritone, and when I go to bed I'm a soprano.

As you're reading this some of it may be funny, and then again some of it won't. So just read the funny stuff and skip the rest of it. But if the rest of it turns out to be the funny stuff, and the funny stuff turns out to be the rest of it, if I were you, I'd skip the funny stuff, too.

That last paragraph has so much rhythm you could almost dance to it. Well, I'll have another little sip of Teacher's Scotch, then back to the old typewriter.—How about that?—another natural mention. If I keep writing like this, I'll win the Pulitzer Prize.

Now that I've started writing, it makes me mad after all these years to discover that something I've never done is what I do best. There may be hundreds of things I've never done that I'm great at. Tomorrow I'll take a crack at painting. I'll get a brush and some paint, and lie on my back and paint my bathroom ceiling. I may even make my own paint.

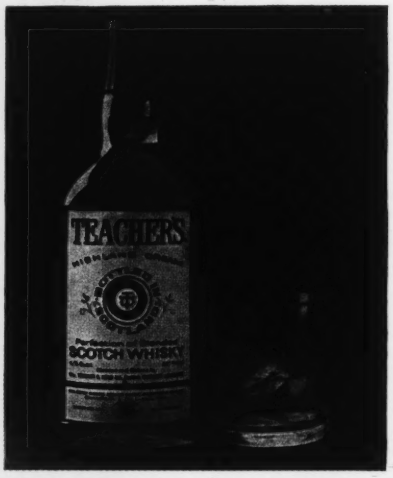
And if that works out, I'll paint the Mona Lisa. But in my version she'll have a reason to smile, because I'll have her holding a glass of Teacher's Scotch in her hand.—Another natural mention—and in oil, yet.

I find that writing is just like singing. But it's kind of hard to end an article with a yodeling finish. But you've got to have an ending, so here goes; I'm going to make this ending so subtle that you won't even notice I'm being natural.

Two men were standing at a bar. One was drinking Teacher's Scotch with his left hand, and the other was drinking Teacher's Scotch with his right hand. So I said to the one who was drinking Teacher's with his left hand, "Why do you drink Teacher's with your left hand?" He said, "I always drink Teacher's with my left hand."

Then I said to the fellow who was drinking Teacher's with his right hand, "Why do you drink Teacher's with your right hand?" He said, "Because if I didn't drink Teacher's with my right hand, you'd keep mistaking me for that fellow who drinks Teacher's with his left hand."

Well, that's the article, and I'm glad I wrote it. It's opened a whole new career for me. It turns out I write as good as I sing.



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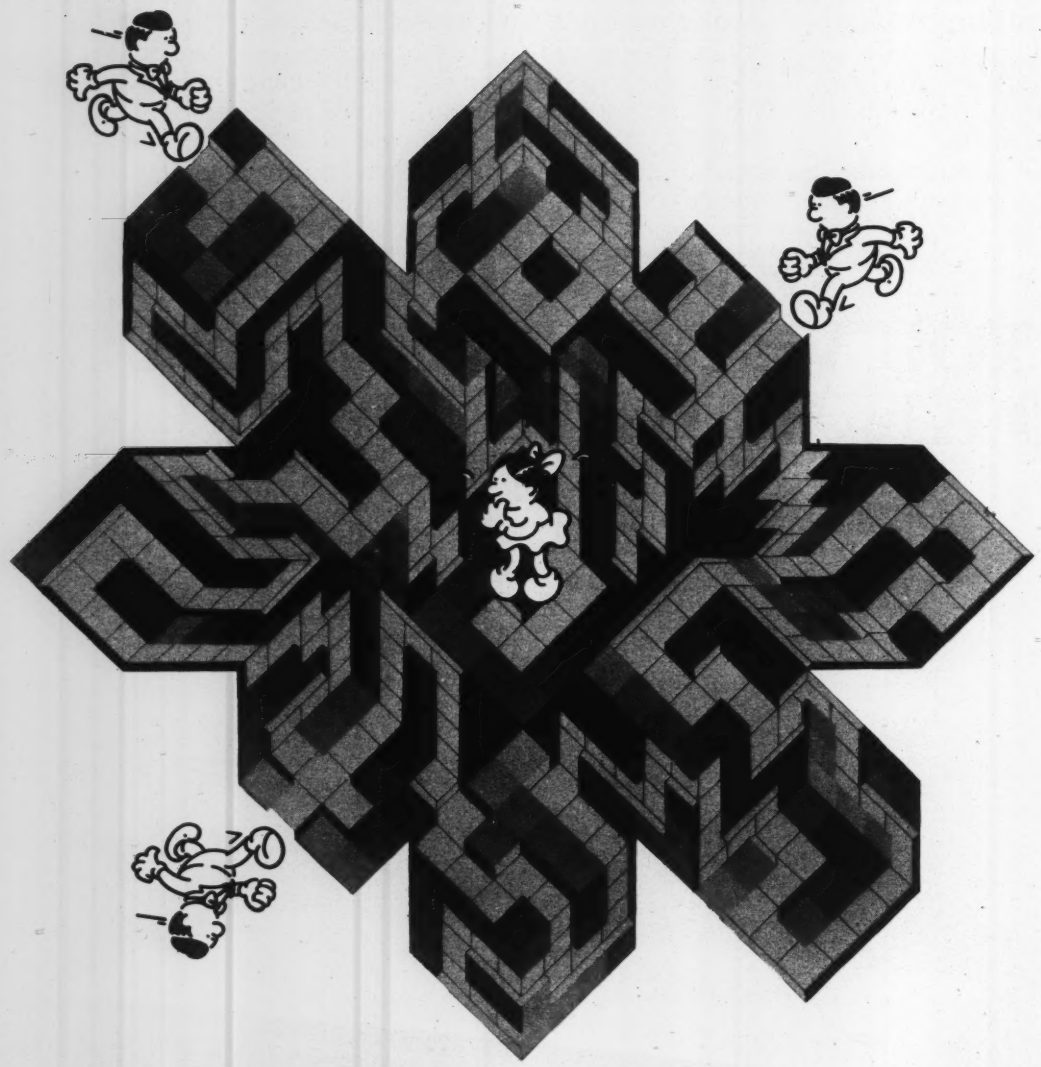

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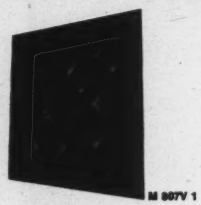

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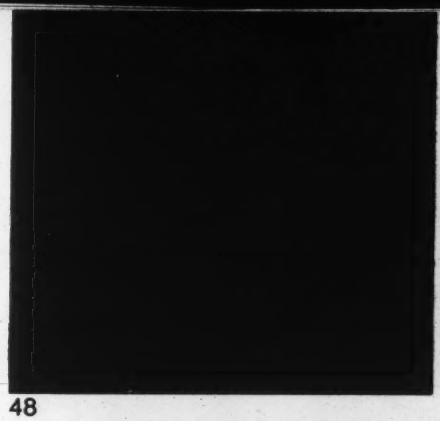

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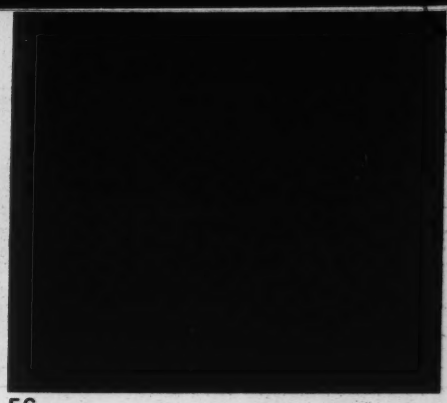

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COVER ILLUSTRATION BY KEN THOMPSON

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NEW TIMES is published bi-weekly by New Times Communications Corp., One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016. George A. Hirsch, President. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price $12.00 per year, $2.00 additional for Canada, $5.00 additional for all other foreign.

Direct all SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE, orders, change of address, etc. to NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2948, Boulder, Colorado 80302. ALL EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE should be directed to NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

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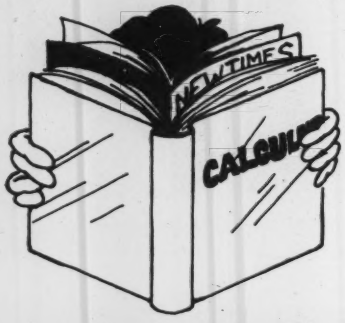
Audit Bureau of Circulations Application submitted.



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BEHIND THE SCENES

The NEW TIMES First Annual Future Events Contest (January 11 issue)—in which we asked readers to predict what 1974 will bring on every front from inflation to politics to show business to marital rites among the high and mighty—produced an overwhelming response, 2,196 entries in all. Although it will not be known until early next year who will be the winner of a year's supply of Farmer's Market Peanut Butter, his and ms. life jackets for a trip down the Chattooga River and the other fabulous contest prizes, I can now report the highlights of our readers' responses to the questionnaire.

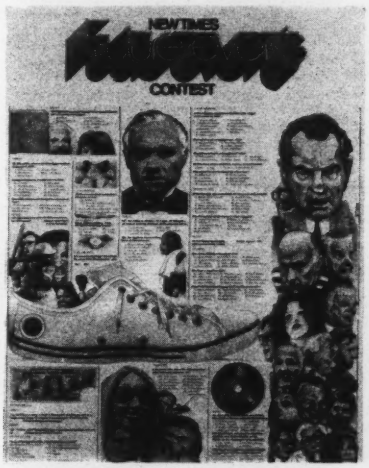
*Readers split exactly down the middle on the question of Richard Nixon's chances for survival this year—50 percent of the contestants thought he would still be in the White House on Dec. 31. The most durable head of state proved to be Pierre Trudeau, with 83 percent; the least, Edward Heath, with a prophetic 18 percent.

*The Cabinet member thought most likely still to be in office was Henry Kissinger (93 percent); only 25 percent felt that Secretary of Labor Peter Brennan would make it through the year.

*Readers felt that it is highly unlikely that any of the Watergate principals will be in jail by Dec. 31. Most likely to be incarcerated were Maurice Stans and H.R. Haldeman (each got 25 percent); the women fared even better—with only 3 percent betting that Rose Mary Woods would end up in the clink and only 1 percent betting on Dita Beard. Twenty percent felt Clifford Irving would still be in jail at year's end; 67 percent felt the same of William Calley. Both are now out, and Irving, having completed his 16 months at Danbury, is now interviewing people in high places for NEW TIMES.

*Not too many readers believed that John Lindsay, Howard Cosell, Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Bess Myerson or Bill Bradley will run for office in 1974. But Bradley, the New York Kinickerbocker, has already announced his candidacy for a congressional seat in New Jersey.

*Virtually every entrant felt that the Democrats would gain Senate seats this year—the median predicted a



gain of 6 seats.

**Good news!* Readers said that the "big marriages" will survive the year—Richard and Elizabeth, "Fast Eddie" and Tricia, Jackie and Ari and Mr. and Mrs. Mao. Only Martha and John ("Watch what we do, not what we say") Mitchell are considered likely to split.

*Few readers saw a boom or bust in the Dow-Jones Average. Median guess of the year-end close: 841.

**Thanks, folks!* Only 2 percent of our readers believed New Times will not survive the year. Not a single reader saw hard times ahead for *The National Geographic*. Most vulnerable for extinction: *The Great Speckled Bird, Coq* and *Saturday Review/World*.

**American Graffiti* outpolled *The Exorcist* as the likely Oscar winner.

*Bob Dylan edged the Rolling Stones as likely to be "the most ripped-off" recording artist of the year, according to Sam Goody's year-end shoplifting statistics.

As a result of Joan Barthel's Feb. 8 NEW TIMES cover story, *Did Peter Reilly Murder His Mother?*, a woman put up the $44,000 collateral needed to secure a loan for Reilly's release on bond. A number of other NEW TIMES readers from all over the country also contributed a total of $1,248.97 to the bond fund. Louisa Calder, wife of artist Alexander Calder, sent $100 from France. An elderly couple, living on social security in Jenkintown, Pa., sent $15. Another man sent valuable autographs from his collection and the name of a dealer, so that they might be sold on Peter's behalf.

While Peter Reilly moves on to trial, Joan's account of his story will continue in NEW TIMES, beginning with her interim account in this issue. Meanwhile, contributions for the boy's defense fund (which stands at a very low $1,233) and for interest on the bond loan (almost $400 a month is required) are being accepted c/o Canaan Savings Bank, Canaan, Conn. 06018.

George A. Hirsch

LETTERS

Nude Times

I want to thank Marcia Seligson for mentioning my name in her article on Doug Lambert. As the new American male sex symbol, I need all the publicity I can get.

Barry Hosteller
N. Hollywood, California

After reading both *The Eternal Bliss Machine: America's Way of Wedding* and the Doug Lambert interview, I have concluded that Marcia Seligson is not a writer! She is a terrific and eloquent sociologist. . . . MORE SELIGSON!

Gail Cohen
Miami, Florida

Humphrey and Byrd

I regret having to take issue with Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, for whom I have considerable admiration. But the senator's letter in your March 8 issue, concerning Tim Crouse's Feb. 8 article on Sen. Robert C. Byrd, displays a faulty memory. Referring to my September, 1971, account of an incident on the Senate floor involving the two senators, Sen. Humphrey declares he "was in no way coerced, persuaded, or cajoled, or as you put it, 'trapped' by Bob Byrd" in scheduling his amendment on MIRVs.

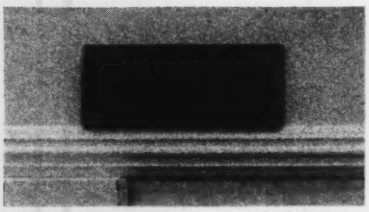
As Crouse correctly reported, it was Sen. Humphrey who used the word "trapped" in a conversation with Byrd on Sept. 24, 1971, that was clearly audible to me in the Senate Press Gallery. Sen. Humphrey later told me he had agreed to a vote without realizing the absentee situation, an explanation duly recorded in my original article and in the excerpt quoted by Crouse.

Carl P. Leubsdorf
Chief, AP Senate staff

Sharpen Your Wits

We were happy to see our favorite motto hanging on the walls inside the White House inspiring Buchanan as he works. However, your translation of the Latin is somewhat incorrect. "Illegitimi non Carborundum" means "Don't let the bastards *grind* you down."

Elinor Midlik
The Carborundum Company



Von Hoffman and Buchanan

Having just read Nicholas von Hoffman's stirring defense of political corruption, "Watergate: We've Gone Too Far," and his exaltation of crooked pals, it seems that, on the contrary, he hasn't gone far enough. Why doesn't he extend his apotheosis of the crooked politician to include the good old-fashioned crooked crook, perhaps even the Mafia, for don't they also perform "socially valuable services," which is evidently his criterion for "good crookedness." If we are to join in Mr. von Hoffman's celebration of the corruption, illegality and immorality infesting the American political system, let's not limit our purview.
Sincerely,

John J. Coniglio
Brooklyn, N.Y.

After reading the article by Nicholas von Hoffman in the March 8 NEW TIMES, I was all set to write a letter which began: Whoa! Stop the presses. If the best you neophytes can come up with is the irresponsible journalism of Mr. von Hoffman, then cancel my subscription. I looked forward to your new publication because we desperately need new, fresh and outspoken journalism. However, this article used extremely poor judgment, was poorly documented and presented the "bad investigative reporting" Mr. von Hoffman accuses nameless others of doing.

That is the letter I was going to write. After reading the article by Johnny Greene, however, I decided to omit the part about canceling my subscription. There's a glimmer of hope for you, NEW TIMES.

Ms. Tina Gordon
Old Bridge, N.J.

As a loyal reader from Issue One, and a dedicated believer that your magazine is one of the few passages to safety from the heinous, multi-pronged clutches of Time Inc., I am sorry to report to you that your reportage seems to have reached a new and abysmal low with the Pat Buchanan article.

PLEASE! Get your people out of the Norman Mailer psycho-centric, pseudo-perceptive rut. Mailer (and Thompson, too) *can* do it, can produce a series of conscious flashes that include enough perception and insight to keep us reading, especially if we tend toward insomnia. Yet even the most dedicated reader, including Mailerites will, as you know, admit that he bores the ass off them some of the time.

Richard Davies
Syracuse Journalism School
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THE WORD

Although her melodramatic ballads are full of jilted lovers bent on the most lurid forms of revenge, **Cher Bono** reacted to the news that hubby **Sonny** had filed for separation more like a gay divorcee as she co-hosted, along with Bob Dylan and The Band, a surprise 31st birthday party for her current beau, David Geffen, president of Elektra-Asylum Records. Having decorated Le Grand Trianon Room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel with carnival streamers and peopled it with mimes, fire-eaters and a fortune teller, Cher kicked off the entertainment with a rendition of Dylan's "All I Really Want to Do," followed by Dylan himself singing "Mr. Tambourine Man." A shouted request that Cher also sing "I Got You, Babe" was pointedly ignored.

The following morning, Sonny and Cher taped this season's final segment of *The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour*—a deceptively affable reunion since Cher's attorneys were already hard at work preparing to dissolve the Bonos' professional act.

S. & C.: who's smiling now?

Last week, Cher filed for divorce and, in a separate action, sued Sonny and his business associates in Cher Enterprises, Inc., claiming that she had been forced to sign contracts without independent counsel that require her to turn over a portion of her earnings to CEI until 1977, a situation, Cher argues, that is tantamount to involuntary servitude.

All in the family runs the prose of *Time*'s "Press" section story on the premiere of a new publication: "Henry R. Luce, talking about his first magazine's interest in personalities, once commented: 'Time didn't start this emphasis on stories about people; the Bible did.' This week Time Inc. takes its co-founder's thought a large step forward by bringing out *People*, a new magazine based on the old journalistic precept that names make news." Lost in the glow of adjectives ("crammed with names," "breezy tone about personalities") and the flow of figures (including *People*'s page rates) was an assessment of the magazine's contents.

William Safire, a former Nixon speechwriter who is now a columnist for the New York *Times*, was more than happy to pick up where *Time* ran out. Concluding a nasty analysis of the magazine's contents ("*People* milks the exorcism craze with an interview that repeats what author William Peter Blatty's press agent has been grinding out for months"), Safire added insult to injury. He wrote, "*People* fails on the tawdry terms it has chosen: The sex is not sexy, the gossip not current, the exploitation not with-it. Great effort is needed to lift it up to superficiality."

Safire's piece is entitled "Who Needs *People*?" If the magazine sells as well generally as it did in its test markets, *Time* may be saying, "Who needs Safire?"

The residents of historic Lexington, Massachusetts, will vote this spring on whether President Nixon should be asked to stay away from the town's bicentennial celebration.

An article to be placed before the April 1 town meeting asks the governing body of the town, the selectmen, to tell Mr. Nixon that his appearance in Lexington "would diminish the historic values and demean the high ideals" of the bicentennial celebration.

Allan F. Kenney, chairman of the board of selectmen, said the President was invited to the celebration at the request of the bicentennial commission and in respect for the office of the President. Mr. Nixon's office sure gets a lot more respect than he does these days.

The guest list, which included Susan Strasberg, Lee Grant, Helen Reddy, Ellen Burstyn, Dory Previn and Susan Anspach, read like a Who's Who of Feminist Hollywood. The occasion was a gathering at the home of Anna and Lee Strasberg to protest the arrest by Portuguese authorities of the authors of *The New Portuguese Letters*, a women's lib tract. Noted **Lee Grant**, who was at one time blacklisted for speaking at a memorial service for actor J. Edward Bromberg, "I did something like this in 1952 and I didn't work again for 12 years."

Lee Grant: protesting too much?

Despite internecine struggles between competing assassinologists, a projected film starring **Sal Mineo** as **Sirhan Sirhan** is scheduled to begin filming this summer. The script has already been written by Donald Freed, who coauthored the novel version of *Executive Action* with Mark Lane, and it similarly constructs a possible conspiracy. Freed further vows that unlike *Executive Action*, which explored the assassination of John F. Kennedy with great box-office success but no political effect, the release of *Sirhan Sirhan* will be keyed to a renewed investigation of the case.

News of the planned motion picture led John G. Christian, another assassination buff, to talk Mrs. Mary Sirhan into dismissing her son's lawyer, Roger Hanson, on the ground that he had no right to discuss a film with Freed. Both Hanson and Freed deny any collaboration on the film; in fact, Hanson claims to have had similar conversations with Christian in the past. "Mrs. Sirhan was very upset," Freed said. "She had been told her son was being exploited. But, rather than paint her son in an infamous or compromising light, the film will show that he was not guilty of the death of Senator Kennedy."

Sal Mineo and Sirhan Sirhan : conspiring to commit art

The former secretary of **G. Gordon Liddy** has a new job with a hotel. No, not the Watergate—the Marriott. **Ms. Sally Harmony** has joined the public relations staff of the Marriott Corp. in Bethesda, Maryland. Ms. Harmony joined Marriott last summer at the request of the firm's chairman of the board (and Republican fund-raiser), J. Willard Marriott. She was formerly Marriott's secretary on the 1973 inaugural committee.

In a speech at New York University, **Ramsey Clark,** who is running for the U.S. Senate from New York, solemnly recited statistics showing that a lot of the violent crimes in this country take place between people who know each other, especially people who are related to each other. "You know what that means, don't you?" asked Clark, a former attorney general and the son of a former Supreme Court justice. "Stay away from your family."

"As a result of the cooperation of the American people—and they deserve most of the credit—and also the management on the part of Mr. Simon and his organization, we have now passed through that crisis. . . . I should point out that while the crisis has passed, the problem still remains . . ."
Richard M. Nixon, Feb. 25, 1974.

If the diary of Susan Borman Traynor reads like a rejected script for *Day in Court*, it is because, during the past weeks, she was arraigned in Las Vegas on one count of possession of cocaine, next appeared in Santa Monica Superior Court to dissolve her three-year marriage to her former manager, Chuck Traynor, and finally visited Los Angeles Superior Court to change her name officially to **Linda Lovelace**.

Susan Borman Traynor

Sisterhood is powerful, but money talks. A group of feminists is now awaiting the approval of the charter of First Women's Bank and Trust Co., a new full-service commercial bank in New York City. Included on the board of directors are **Betty Friedan** and New York City Councilwoman **Carol Greitzer**.

"Basically, the idea is to give women access to credit," said Madeline McWhinney, who left her job as assistant vice-president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York to head the new bank. "We will offer educational programs to acquaint women with the financial services available to them." Lest men think they have no friend at First Women's, Miss McWhinney said the bank will not discriminate.

When the New York State banking commissioner approves the bank's charter (approval is expected this spring), the bank will sell stock and open for business on the premises of the old Pavillon restaurant. The service should be so good.

Kissinger: teacher's pets

At the recent Geneva talks on the Middle East, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger had a secret weapon for helping to bring peace between Israel and the Arab nations: Meron Medzini, a political counselor at the talks, and Thseen Basheer, a senior Egyptian diplomat at the talks, were once students together at Harvard in a seminar taught by the good Doctor himself

Rocky, Ted, Jerry and Elliot;
The strange case of Punch Sulzberger;
The Arabs are coming

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

Rocky's memo on Jerry

It is no secret to anyone that Nelson Rockefeller wants to be President in 1976. But it was something of a secret— at least to Rocky—whether Gerald Ford wants to be President as well. So one of Rockefeller's aides went to work on the problem and recently turned in a memo to the boss, concluding that, yes indeed, he ought to proceed on the assumption that Ford is a dedicated rival candidate.

Among the reasons cited to back up the conclusion: Ford has instructed his staff to schedule at least two speaking engagements in each of the 12 states with the biggest electoral and convention delegate strength before the 1976 primaries; and, secondly, Ford has agreed to have a book published about himself sometime next year.

Kennedy circle game

Teddy Kennedy has been getting a hard time lately from his inner circle of advisers—people like Ted Sorenson, Arthur Schlesinger and Steve Smith—for his confusing public appearances and poorly thought out statements. His visit with George Wallace last year still sets badly with some of his consultants. Others think his lame explanation of Chappaquidick—that the public record is there for all to see and judge—smacks of Nixonian evasiveness.

Above all, the Kennedy brigade is split on the question of his Presidential posture. Although they all

Kennedy on a questionable visit

agree he shouldn't announce until late 1975, one camp believes he ought to act more like a candidate; the other urges him to remain aloof and keep his options open.

A large part of the dissatisfaction, however, has to do with the inside jealousies, about who is getting consulted on which decisions. To quell the rumblings, Teddy named his former administrative assistant, David Burke, now an investment consultant with the Dreyfus Fund in New York, to act as his chief political adviser, go-between with the other circle members and the man through whom he will clear all political decisions.

Cox for governor?

Archibald Cox has been approached by a group of liberal Democrats in Massachusetts, including the party's state chairman, Charlie Flaherty, and friends of Teddy Kennedy, to run for governor next fall. The party faces a potential split in the upcoming Democratic primary between the regulars and the reformers, which could only be damaging in a tough battle to defeat the popular Republican incumbent, Francis Sargent.

But why Cox? The Boston *Globe* conducted a recent public opinion poll on potential gubernatorial candidates and, almost as an afterthought, included Cox's name. Surprisingly, for a new name he polled an unheard of 16 percent.

Cox is supposed to take a sabbatical from Harvard Law School to teach in England next year, but insiders say he is seriously thinking about taking up the governor's race. In an era of Watergate, Cox could run a very convincing honesty-in-government campaign. And, should he win, he would be an odds-on favorite to succeed Kennedy as senator in 1976—assuming Kennedy runs for President.

Cox: thinking about running

What's obscenity?

As the Kent State grand jury begins to deliberate the role of National Guardsmen in the killing of four students in 1970, a NEW TIMES reader, Dr. George Margolis of Dartmouth Medical School, sends us this photo of a shooting-practice target at the National Guard Armory in Bradford, Vt. The bullet-riddled target bears a disturbingly close resemblance to a white Angela Davis, or, in any case, an ordinary hippy girl.

The picture was taken last spring and since then, Dr. Margolis informs us, it has been tactfully removed. It is his opinion that such a picture represents a kind of obscenity much more dangerous than the most lascivious shot of Linda (*Deep Throat*) Lovelace. No argument there.

National Guard target and Linda Lovelace: which is more obscene?

Richardson wows 'em in Mississippi

Former U.S. Attorney General Elliot Richardson, stopping off in Jackson on his recent nationwide speaking tour, praised Mississippi's progress in race relations as "an example for this country" to follow. That's what he said. Pointing out that his hometown of Boston had been trying to achieve racial balance in its schools for 14 years but had not yet succeeded, Richardson said (could it have been in a southern accent?) that "Boston would do well to emulate what Jackson has done."

Not surprisingly, the politically tailored remarks came as a slap in the face to Jackson blacks, who still complain frequently of being beaten up arbitrarily by the local cops and of being discriminated against in employment and educational opportunities.

The never-say-die FBI

Allen Kelly left his hometown of Rock Island, Ill., in 1969 and migrated to Canada because he rejected the idea of being drafted to fight in the Vietnam War. Now 26, Kelly returned to his home late last month to bury his father. He was promptly arrested by the FBI. The agent who picked him up, a long-time close friend of the Kelly family, remarked after the arrest, "It wasn't a nice way for it to happen, but it had to be done."

A license to speed for the wealthy

The Oklahoma Legislature finally passed President Nixon's request to lower speed limits to 55 mph. However, some old guard members saw his offer to take away federal highway funds as a threat, and resisted the proposal. What emerged is a curious law that allows people to be arrested for speeding up to the old limit of 70 mph and fined, but lets them off the hook as far as their insurance companies are concerned.

The law forbids the police to release records of moving violations between 55 mph and 70 mph to insurance companies, thus saving the violaters any worry about higher premiums. One legislator condemned it as a "rich man's license to speed," but the majority felt it would express their displeasure at Nixon's high-handed manner of jamming it down their throats. So, in Oklahoma, if you've got the money and the gas, you can speed all you want to.

Nixon's taxman cometh

The ides of March is now the target date for the report of the Joint Congressional Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation, which focuses on President Nixon's tax returns. The word from Senate staffers is that the report will say Nixon owes the government a large amount of money. But as of now, the committee does not expect to take any position at all on questions of fraud. All such issues will be referred to the IRS.

MEDIA

By John Leo

Press blows the oil story

If you want to know why the press totally gummed up the oil-crisis story, you should know that the inquest is on. Public Broadcasting Service made a nice start February 28 with Carey Winfrey's *Behind the Lines* press program. Some points: journalists' "traditional distaste for business and economic news" (Brendan Gill); business reporters tend to be unsophisticated about their field—"a man, who would be knowledgeable enough to cover business in the way it should be covered totally, could find a better-paying job for the business himself" (Josh Fitzhugh of the AP); the press can't handle "more than one or two crises at a time" (Tom O'Toole, Washington *Post*). Also Martin Lobell, attorney for independent oil interests: "There are very few reporters in town who have either the time, intelligence or expertise to do a good story on oil. . . . There's no question that the press missed the entire oil story."

Weirdest argument of the week

William Safire, a frequent winner of this award, in his March 4 New York *Times* column claims that the Haldeman indictment hinges on a set of falsely inserted quotation marks in H.R. Bob's Watergate testimony. Haldeman was quoted as saying: "The President said,

Safire: Nixon conduit?

'there is no problem in raising a million dollars, we can do that, *but it would be wrong.*' " Safire finds that the inner quotation marks are not in Haldeman's prepared statement, so Nixon was not being quoted directly. Never mind that Safire can't know what the indictment hinged on, and that Nixon plainly said last August 22 that "Mr. Haldeman has testified to that [the discussion with Dean on the possibility of paying hush money to Watergate defendants] and his statement is accurate." The Safire argument is a bona fide head-scratcher. It may mean only that when the White House grasps at straws, it grasps through William Safire.

Critical year for political journals

Political journals of opinion, such as *The Nation, Progressive, New Leader, New Republic* and *Commonweal,* have always been economically marginal. But this year the crunch is coming. One or two of the famous ones may fold if new financial angles are not found. Most of these journals peaked during the Kennedy and early Johnson years, swooned under Nixonism and are making faint comebacks during impeachment season. Calamitous rises in paper prices and postal costs make this a critical year. The *New Republic* looks safe for a few years. Gil Harrison has sold it to Marty Peretz, the Harvard professor, Singer heir and bankroller of liberal causes. Under the sale agreement, Harrison will remain as editor through the 1976 election and most other jobs are safe for now.

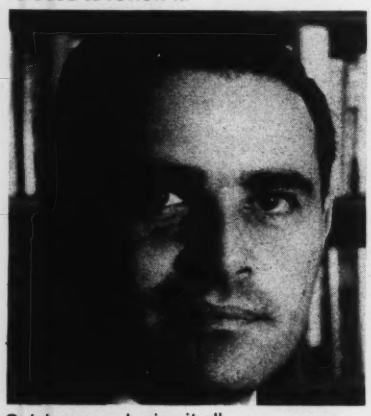
* * *

All the news that's unfit to print

For years the paternity case had creeped anonymously up through the New York state courts. Routinely, the names of the plaintiff and respondent were removed from the court's public papers. But when the case reached the U.S. Supreme Court last year, there it was for everyone to see: Alexanderson v. Sulzberger.

Sulzberger was none other than the New York *Times* publisher, Arthur Ochs (Punch) Sulzberger. Seventeen years earlier one of his *Times* reporters, Mrs. Lillian Alexanderson, sued Sulzberger, claiming that he had fathered her illegitimate son. Although he denied the paternity, Sulzberger settled out of court for $41,000—as his lawyers say, to avoid publicity.

Mrs. Alexanderson, who joined the *Times* in 1943 when she was 20, tells quite a different story. In 1954 she married a *Times* photographer, George Alexanderson. Three months later he died of a heart attack. In 1956 Mrs. Alexanderson's son, George, was born out of wedlock, and she sued Sulzberger, settling out of court for $176.24 per month in child support until the child reached his sixteenth birthday. But even before the boy turned 16 in 1972, Mrs. Alexanderson petitioned the courts to reopen the case, arguing that her situation was covered by a 1962 state amendment providing for child support of illegitimate children until age 21. She lost in the lower courts and took her case to the Supreme Court, which refused to review it.



Sulzberger: denies it all

The AP and UPI both ran small stories on the suit, as did several major newspapers such as the New York *Daily News* and the Washington *Star-News.* "There's only one reason I did that piece," says *Star-News* reporter Fred Barnes. "And that's because Sulzberger is a celebrity. I would have done the same thing for Robert Redford or Paul Newman . . . or Kay Graham [publisher of the Washington *Post*]."

But the New York *Times* didn't see fit to print a word. Warren Weaver, the *Times* Supreme Court reporter, says he recommended that the case be included in his usual court wrap-up story, but orders came down from on high that nothing was to be written. *Times* managing editor A. M. Rosenthal says he made the decision not to print without consulting the publisher. "I hate to sound like Mr. Nixon," Rosenthal told NEW TIMES, "but it would have been the easy thing to print the story." Rosenthal said that normally the *Times* does not print court material about personal matters unless the Court takes action. If no action is taken, as happened in the Sulzberger case, the *Times* does not print it. CBS correspondent Fred Graham, who covered the Supreme Court for the *Times* until 1972, says he never heard of any such rule.

And what about Mrs. Alexanderson? She is still a reporter at the *Times,* though her byline rarely appears. She says she was shunted aside at the *Times* after she brought suit against Sulzberger. Why didn't she leave? "I had no choice," she says. "My first job was here. This is my home.

"I've accepted my responsibility. My son's father has not. And with all his money, that's a shame for him. . . . I wasn't a Bobo Rockefeller. My father was first clarinetist with the New York Philharmonic. No matter what they think, my background is better than the Sulzbergers'." **—Nina Totenberg**

The CIA tries another line of business

While it doesn't completely clear the good name of foreign correspondents, the news that the CIA is "phasing out" its crew of agents pretending to be journalists abroad at least makes the reporters' job a little more credible. Since World War II, the CIA has had some 30 correspondents on its payroll to relay information into the agency's files. But for the already sullied name of American businessmen abroad, however, it is another bad blow. Having laid off its men in journalism, the CIA has now hired more than 200 gumshoes abroad to pose as businessmen.

ILLUSTRATION BY JERRY ZIMMERMAN

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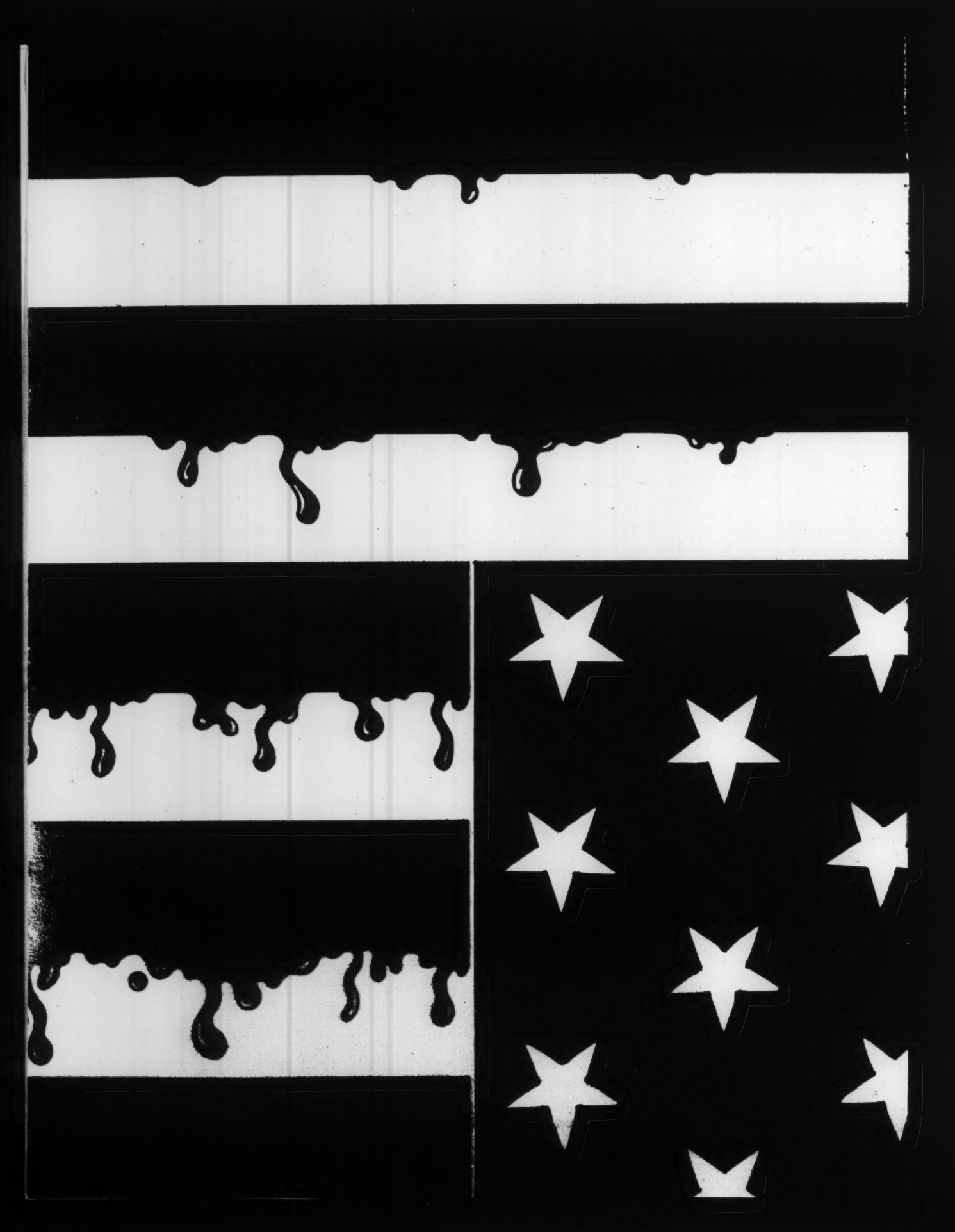

Should the country be afraid of impeachment?

By Henry Steele Commager

Mr. Nixon is busy throwing up barricades against impeachment; some of the barricades are legal, some political, some psychological and rhetorical. The very miscellaneousness and incoherence of his defenses suggests a certain desperation, especially as making available all the relevant facts and documents does not appear to be among them.

First, there is the constitutional argument. The Constitution, Mr. Nixon asserts, is "very precise" on this matter: there must be an indictable crime before there can be impeachment proceedings, and not only a crime but a major crime. As the President has not committed such a crime, there is no ground for impeachment. Second, the President claims that he enjoys special privileges and immunities which place him above the law and thus excuse him from telling the truth when he thinks it is in the national interest to lie, or from providing documents which might support charges against him if such a gesture would weaken the Office of the Presidency. The third argument—a direct attack on impeachment itself—has the same thrust, namely that impeachment threatens the Office of the Presidency, that it is the Presidency that is at stake, not Mr. Nixon himself, and that the Office must be protected against the profane hands that would wound it. A fourth argument takes broader ground: that persistence in impeachment proceedings—or even in agitation for impeachment—weakens the American President in the eyes of the world, and thus weakens the United States in its negotiations with other nations. This argument is a bit odd: Mr. Nixon has been under attack now for over a year, and during that year his only success has been precisely in the arena of foreign affairs—notably in his dealings with China, Russia and the countries of the Middle East. Whether removal of Mr. Nixon from office would somehow handicap his successor in negotiation we cannot of course know, but if Mr. Kissinger—who has been chiefly responsible for these successes—stays at the helm there is no reason to take alarm. And finally, there is the argument whose chief attraction is that it is not susceptible to proof but only to rhetorical exploitation: that regardless of the guilt or innocence of the President, we should put an end to Watergate and all that it symbolizes, put an end to agitation for impeachment, because the country simply cannot stand further turmoil and strain, cannot continue to breathe air polluted by suspicion and distrust. If Mr. Nixon knew the *Federalist Papers*, he might quote what Hamilton said in no. 65, that impeachment

> "will seldom fail to agitate the passions of the whole community, and to divide it into parties. . . . It will connect itself with pre-existing factions, and will inlist all their animosities, partialities, influence and interest on one side or the other. . . ."

One might suppose from all this that Mr. Nixon was the innocent victim rather than the architect of a plot, and that the intolerable delays in getting to the bottom of it were part of a malign scheme against the President rather than part of a campaign by the President himself to delay and prevent any action. One might suppose that the problem to be explained was the implacable enmity of Nixon's critics, rather than his own paranoia—a paranoia dramatized in the famous "enemies list." One might suppose that the problem was in the Congress, not the Presidency, and that it was the Congress which was usurping power, not the President abusing power.

But let us consider more closely what is, paradoxically, intellectually the weakest but psychologically the strongest of the Nixon arguments—that for the sake of our collective peace of mind, we should sweep all of this tiresome business under the rug, and then forget about it.

What are we to say to all this?

First, that we should keep in mind

A noted American historian dispels the fears raised by Nixon apologists

Henry Steele Commager, who holds the Simpson Lectureship at Amherst College, has written about and taught American History for over 40 years. His latest book, BritainThrough American Eyes, *will be published by McGraw-Hill this spring.*

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE PHILLIPS

that impeachment is not an aberration in our political or constitutional system. It was provided for in the federal Constitution (and in most of the state constitutions) as one of the checks and balances necessary to a system based on the principle that all power is limited. The wise men who drafted that great document thought impeachment an appropriate safeguard against just what we are witnessing now—the usurpation of power, the violation of trust, the betrayal of republican institutions, by the executive. It was rooted in century-long English experience; it was so generally accepted that it excited little attention and little discussion either in the Federal Convention or in the state ratifying conventions. It was carefully fashioned, with impeachment in one house and a trial in the other, with the chief justice himself presiding. There is no more reason why we should look askance at this provision in the Constitution than at any other provision. The notion that some parts of the Constitution (I say nothing here of the Bill of Rights) are more equal than others is fallacious.

But it is said—indeed the President's legal counsel has said it—that if we open this Pandora's box, there is no assurance we can ever get it closed again. If we impeach—so the defense contends—not for specific legal crimes, but for "high" crimes—that is political crimes—no President would ever be safe. This is one of those tiresome generalizations that cannot bear close scrutiny. After all, the provision for impeachment has been in the Constitution for 185 years. During that long time many Presidents have excited the most bitter partisan hostility, but only once has this power been invoked—against Andrew Johnson. It is relevant to recall that President Johnson himself, in a message to the Senate on the eve of impeachment proceedings, asserted, "It is the President's responsibility to see that the laws are faithfully executed, and that he is himself responsible for the acts of his agents." Certainly it cannot be said that the *power* of impeachment was abused against President Johnson (I say nothing of some of the arguments). If for almost two centuries we have refrained from abusing this power, why should we suppose that our successors will be less just or less reasonable?

Second, there is no reason to suppose that impeachment, even if it is followed by removal, will be more traumatic than having Mr. Nixon in the White House for three more years. After all, what is being complained of now, and with justice—the distraction of government and of the public from great issues of public concern—is not a product of impeachment but of failure to invoke the impeachment clause, of failure to get to the bottom of our crowding difficulties and clear them up. If there is no "grand inquest"—it is Hamilton's phrase—we shall never know the full story of Watergate, of the usurpation of power in the impoundment of appropriations, of the subornation of the FBI, the Secret Service and the CIA to the political ends, of the Huston Plan to scrap the Bill of Rights, of the misuse of Executive Agreements to by-pass the trouble of treaty-making, of the secret war against Cambodia and the continuing association with the fighting in Vietnam in violation of the terms of the cease-fire agreement and many other violations of law which have cast their shadows across our history. And if we do not have full information on these things, we cannot guard against them in the future.

Third, far more is at stake in this whole issue of impeachment than the fate of Mr. Nixon. What is at stake is the Presidency—whether it is to follow the terms laid down in the Constitution and pretty faithfully observed by all of Mr. Nixon's predecessors from Washington on, or whether it is to become an imperial office, above the law and making its own law. What is at stake is our constitutional system, which has weathered many a crisis more formidable than those which Mr. Nixon has himself contrived. What is at stake is the principle of the separation of powers, the legislative control of war, and of the purse, and the principle of the supremacy of the civil over the military authority. What is at stake are the guarantees of the Bill of Rights: freedom of speech and of the press, freedom from the monstrous menace of a police state which invades the privacy of its citizens by wiretapping, employs provocative agents to instigate crimes, uses the Secret Service for political purposes, resorts to mass arrests in order to punish dissent and has recourse to prior censorship to silence newspapers that are critical. What is at stake is the integrity of republican government—the integrity of the vote, the integrity of public debate unclouded by secrecy, the integrity of democracy itself.

There is no reason to suppose that impeachment will be more traumatic than having Mr. Nixon in the White House for three more years

One observation is relevant. It ill becomes Mr. Nixon or his apologists to complain about the prospect of impeachment. If Mr. Nixon had conducted himself wisely and honorably, if he had selected as his closest associates men of integrity, if he had respected the constitutional division of powers, if he had trusted the intelligence and the judgment of the people sufficiently to let them know the truth, there would be no such prospect. It is not the critics, after all, who chose that extraordinary assemblage of associates and confidants—37 of them, now, charged with criminal misconduct, and 22 of them already found guilty. It is not the critics who hand-picked Mr. Agnew not once, but twice; it is not the critics who have seen three attorneys general forced out of office; it is not the critics who confessed to the American people that the government had lied to them about waging an unconstitutional war against neutral Cambodia; it is not the critics—or the opposition party—who raised, by something close to blackmail, millions of dollars of campaign contributions in violation of the law; it is not the critics who used the Internal Revenue Service as a weapon to harass enemies; it is not the critics who sought to undermine the party system in the United States by chicanery and fraud. If Mr. Nixon thinks that he should be immune from impeachment, he should have thought of all of these deeds and misdeeds before he authorized or presided over them.

One final observation is pertinent to the question of the impact of impeachment on the strength, or the weakness, of the United States in its dealings with other nations. The whole of the free world has watched, with a kind of morbid fascination, the Watergate drama as it has unfolded in the press and on the television screen. It expects more from America than it does from other countries, for it knows that in the United States the government is supposed to be the servant of the people, and that here it is held accountable for its misdeeds. Timidity or pusillanimity it would not applaud, but deplore. for it would see in retreat from full investigation and exposure not a sign of strength but of weakness. What the free world expects, and what it would applaud, is the spectacle of the great western Republic setting resolutely about cleansing itself: not fearful of the truth but eager to find it, whatever the cost, to punish those guilty of corrupting or betraying the principles of republicanism, and to exalt those who rallied to its defense and restored its health. ●

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Larry L. King joined us at NEW TIMES. So did Mike Royko, Joan Barthel, Jimmy Breslin, Pete Hamill, Sara Davidson, Studs Terkel, Nicholas Von Hoffman, Murray Kempton, Joe McGinniss, Dick Schaap, Nora Sayre, J. Anthony Lukas, Thomas Thompson, Marshall Frady, Marcia Seligson, F. Reid Buckley, Donald Jackson, and Brock Brower. These are the real pros in American journalism today. The best sellers, the Pulitzer Prize winners. They came because we promised them we'd print the news as they reported it.

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The Man at Work Around the Clock to Get The President Impeached by Johnny Greene.

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Shockley's Traveling Carnival of Racism by Larry L. King.

The Ma and Pa Grocery Store of Scandal by Mike Royko.

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The Protestant Joey Gallo by Jimmy Breslin.

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NEW TIMES
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

Watergate half-time quiz

Can you still tell the players without a scorecard?

The Dirt

1. Who was the guard at the Watergate who discovered the buggers? Where is he working now?
2. How many men were caught in the Democratic National Committee headquarters at the Watergate the night of the break-in?
3. What nationality are Frank Sturgis and Bernard Barker?
4. Who first called the Watergate break-in a third-rate burglary?
5. In what city did G. Gordon Liddy make a run for Congress?
6. What does Liddy's wife do for a living?
7. What position did James McCord hold at CREEP?
8. Howard Hunt was a __-dollar a day consultant to the White House when he was hired in 1971.
9. Name two pseudonymns under which Howard Hunt wrote spy novels.
10. How much money did the Democratic National Committee ask for in its suit against CREEP? How much did they finally settle for?
11. On May 26, 1972, Watergate conspirators tried to break into McGovern for President headquarters. Why did they fail?
12. Who is Gerald Alch?
13. Who visited Dita Beard wearing a red wig?
14. Who is Dr. Lewis Fielding?
15. How much money was Howard Hughes accused of giving to the Nixon re-election campaign?
16. What excuse did the White House give for its investigation of Daniel Schorr?
17. When he received a report that President Nixon's appearance with _____ had been disrupted by demonstrators, _____ wrote "great" in the margin.
18. Who has been accused of writing the letter during the New Hampshire primary which charged Senator Muskie with calling French Canadians "canucks"?
19. Which Presidential candidates were accused by the dirty tricksters of being sexual deviants? On whose stationery were the innuendoes printed?
20. Who is the principal stockholder in the Watergate apartment complex?

The Cover-Up

21. Who did President Nixon put in charge of the Administration's investigation when the case first broke?
22. _____ said _____ should twist slowly, slowly in the wind.
23. What is deep-sixing?
24. What Watergate-related figure was killed in a plane crash on December 8, 1972, and where was the crash? What was found in the passenger's baggage?
25. In what city was Martha Mitchell given injections in her posterior? Why?
26. What code name was given to transcripts of tapped conversations from the DNC headquarters in Washington?
27. What excuse did John Mitchell use to leave his job as campaign director for the Committee to Re-elect the President?
28. What was offered to Judge Matthew Byrne? Where? When? By Whom?
29. Which country did Robert Vesco first flee to?

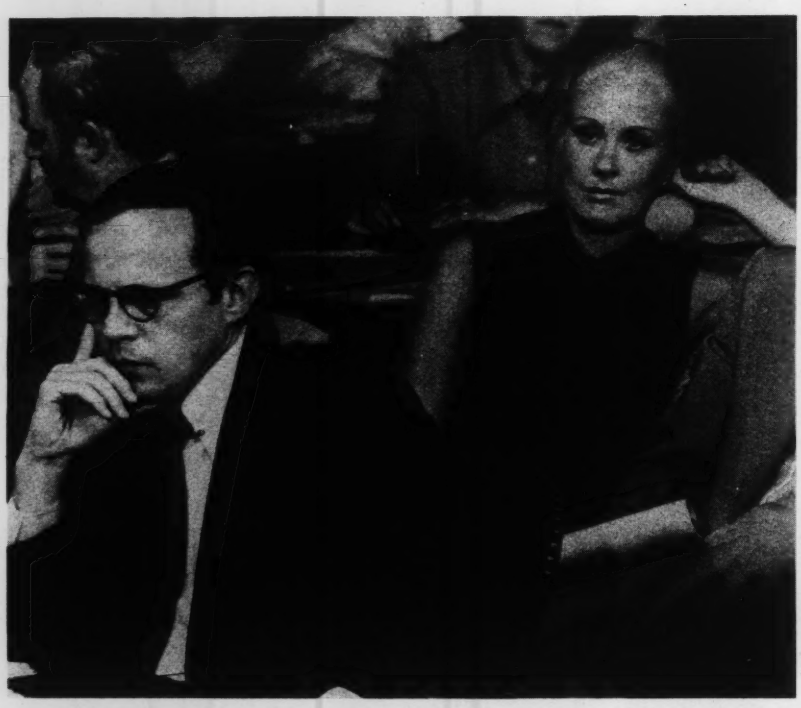
30. Who said, "I won't be a scapegoat"?
31. Who said, "Somebody is trying to make me the fall guy, but it isn't going to work"?
32. What Democratic prankster was accused by Republican dirty tricksters of being their model?
33. Who are two of the finest public servants Richard Nixon has ever known?
34. Who said, "That whoever is responsible for Watergate is a damn idiot"?
35. Who would Charles Colson run over on behalf of the President?
36. What was Haldeman's code name? Who was "the pipe"?
37. How much did Nixon claim as a tax deduction for his vice-presidential papers?
38. How much did Nixon pay in taxes for the years 1970 and 1971?
39. In what states has President Nixon paid income tax during his years in office?
40. What is Bebe Rebozo's real first name?
41. On what subject did Richard Nixon solicit a question during his Florida news conference?
42. Who initiated the term "White House horrors"?
43. What do the H.R. in Haldeman's name stand for?
44. How did Robert Abplanalp make his fortune?

The Court

45. Who was the original chief prosecutor at the Watergate break-in trial?
46. What day did the Watergate case break in Judge Sirica's open court? What happened?
47. How many technical experts, approved by Judge Sirica, examined the April 15 tape?

The Committee

48. Who was the first witness to testify before the Senate Watergate Committee's public session?
49. Senator Ervin always carries with him a tattered copy of the _____?
50. Jeb Stuart Magruder cited which of his former professors before the Senate Watergate Committee as having provided an example of lawlessness?
51. What Administration figure asked the Watergate Committee to give him back his good name?
52. Which member of the Committee was a good friend of Pat Gray?
53. During what senator's questioning did Art Buchwald advise his readers to go to the john?
54. Who was Sally Harmony?
55. What job did Tony Ulacewitz hold before going to work for the White House?
56. What advice did Gordon Strachan offer young people during his appearance before the Senate Watergate Committee?
57. During whose testimony was the existence of the Enemies List disclosed?
58. How many official certified enemies were there on the first list?
59. What famous sports figure, who claims to be apolitical, made the list?
60. What statement by Herbert Porter was contradicted by Senator Baker?
61. What is John Dean's full name?
62. Which senator from the Watergate Committee is currently under investigation for campaign abuses in his home state?
63. It was suggested that _____, who monitored conversations at the DNC from the nearby _____ Hotel, may have been a double agent.



64. How long had John and Maureen Dean been married at the time of his testimony? How many times had he been married previously?

65. What Watergate Committee staffers delivered the subpoena requesting the tapes to the White House?

66. To whose daughter is Howard Baker married?

67. Where did Segretti and Strachan go to school?

68. Committee lawyer Terry Lenzner was accused of badgering this grandfatherly White House aide.

69. _____ called _____ a "little Jap".

70. What senior White House aide did Lowell Weicker eject from his Senate office when he came to "reason" with him during the height of the hearings?

71. Who were John Dean's lawyers?

72. Who asked of whom, "Who thought you up?"

The Tapes

73. Who revealed the existence of the White House taping system in his testimony?

74. The White House aides recorded the comings and goings of the Watergate tapes on what?

75. What make was the tape recorder used in President Nixon's office?

76. _____, an associate of _____, played a confidential tape for friends at a cocktail party.

77. What kind of tape recorder did Rose Mary Woods use?

78. How long is the gap on the April 15 Watergate tape?

79. How long did Rose Mary Woods claim to have left her foot on the pedal?

80. Who made the most sexist comment of Watergate when he claimed, "That women never know how long they talk on the phone"?

81. Who raised the possibility that a "sinister force" altered the tapes?

The Massacre

82. How many heads rolled in the Saturday night massacre?

83. Who, besides Elliot Richardson, refused to fire Archibald Cox?

84. Who finally took on the responsibility of firing Archibald Cox?

The Crunch

85. In what month did the first major Washington *Post* Watergate revelations appear? What did the White House say?

86. Why, according to President Nixon, is he not angry with reporters?

87. Which was the first major corporation to plead guilty to making illegal contributions to the Nixon campaign? What was its punishment?

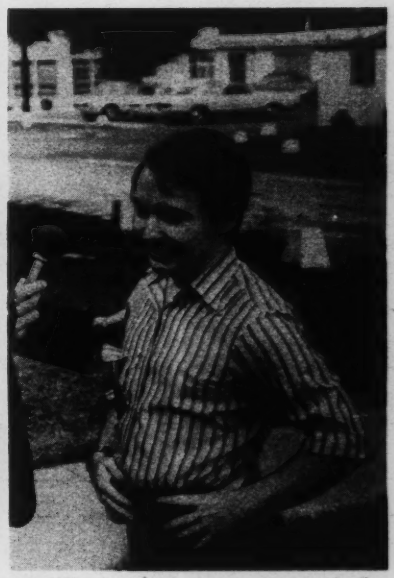
88. Which major indicted Nixon aide let his hair grow since appearing before the Watergate Committee last summer?

89. Which Watergate figure has had a religious conversion since he became implicated in the scandals?

90. Who was the foreman of the grand jury that handed down the recent major indictments, and what kind of beard does he have?

91. What national magazine published its first editorial in 50 years calling for Nixon's resignation?

92. What is the name of Carl Bernstein's partner?



93. Who is the shortest person to be indicted by a grand jury since Watergate broke open?

94. Who claims to have seen White House evidence that Dean is lying, but refused to reveal what it was?

95. During Nixon's October press conference, which reporter asked the President what goes through his mind when impeachment is discussed?

96. Who did Nixon push in front of reporters? Where?

97. Who did Nixon slap in front of reporters? Where?

98. When did Nixon say his former aides are "guilty until proven innocent"?

99. When did President Nixon ask the nation to "join me in mounting a new effort to replace the discredited President"?

100. Who, while dying, told Nixon never to give up?

scoring

90-100 correct—You are qualified to advise Leon Jaworski on how to conduct the prosecutions.

70-89 correct—You are able to write questions for Senator Talmadge.

50-69 correct—You know about as much as J. Fred Buzhardt ever knew.

30-49 correct—You are qualified to write questions for Senator Montoya.

10-29 correct—It's high time you did your share of wallowing in Watergate.

0-9 correct—You know as much as Nixon claims to know.

Answers are on page 28.

Congress solves the yawn crisis

By Robert Sherrill

Congressman Abraham Kazen: "What are we talking about?"
Congressman Harley Staggers: "I don't know. We tried to find out but couldn't."
Colloquy in energy bill debate

During the first month of the second session of the 93rd Congress, members of the House of Representatives met for a total of 50 hours and the Senate was in session a little less than that.

Inasmuch as it costs us $658 million to keep 535 federal legislators in business for a year, this means that you and I paid out $56,000,000 for the month, or $1,120,000 for each of those legislative hours.

However, Congress does do a few things for its money.

One easily remembers that banner day when two fine speeches were delivered in the Senate, one by Barry Goldwater on the topic "George Washington, A Highly Unusual and Intelligent Man," and the other by Senator James McClure of Idaho, who had some very interesting insights into the depredations of the tussock moth. A few days earlier, Senator Harry F. Byrd Jr. had introduced Senate Joint Resolution 189 to give that gentlemanly traitor, Robert E. Lee, amnesty and restoration of citizenship—a bit late to do him much good, to be sure, but it allowed the Senate, as Hubert Humphrey put it, "to show the world that we know how to bind up wounds."

But perhaps you want a stiffer yardstick than rhetoric to use on Congress's diligence. Very well then. Consider Congress's grappling with the energy problem.

Your legislator has a neat approach to urgent problems: dawdle, talk and so on, and maybe they'll go away

There are two times when you can be absolutely sure that members of Congress haven't the foggiest notion how to cope; if they use words like "salubrious" and "nongermane," or if they try to be funny.

When Majority Leader Mike Mansfield laid before the Senate the Federal Energy Agency bill, he announced, "This makes Mr. Simon a czar—and I use the word 'czar' in the sense of an energy czar."

Minority Leader Hugh Scott: "If the distinguished majority leader will yield, I think in this town, no one really is a czarist as that title would imply. Therefore, is he a qualified czar?"

Mansfield: "I was just using what has come to be called a colloquialism. Perhaps a czaret?"

Senator Gale McGee: "Could we not modify that to a commissar?" (Laughter.)

Senator Scott: "I really do not want to go that far, in spite of detente."

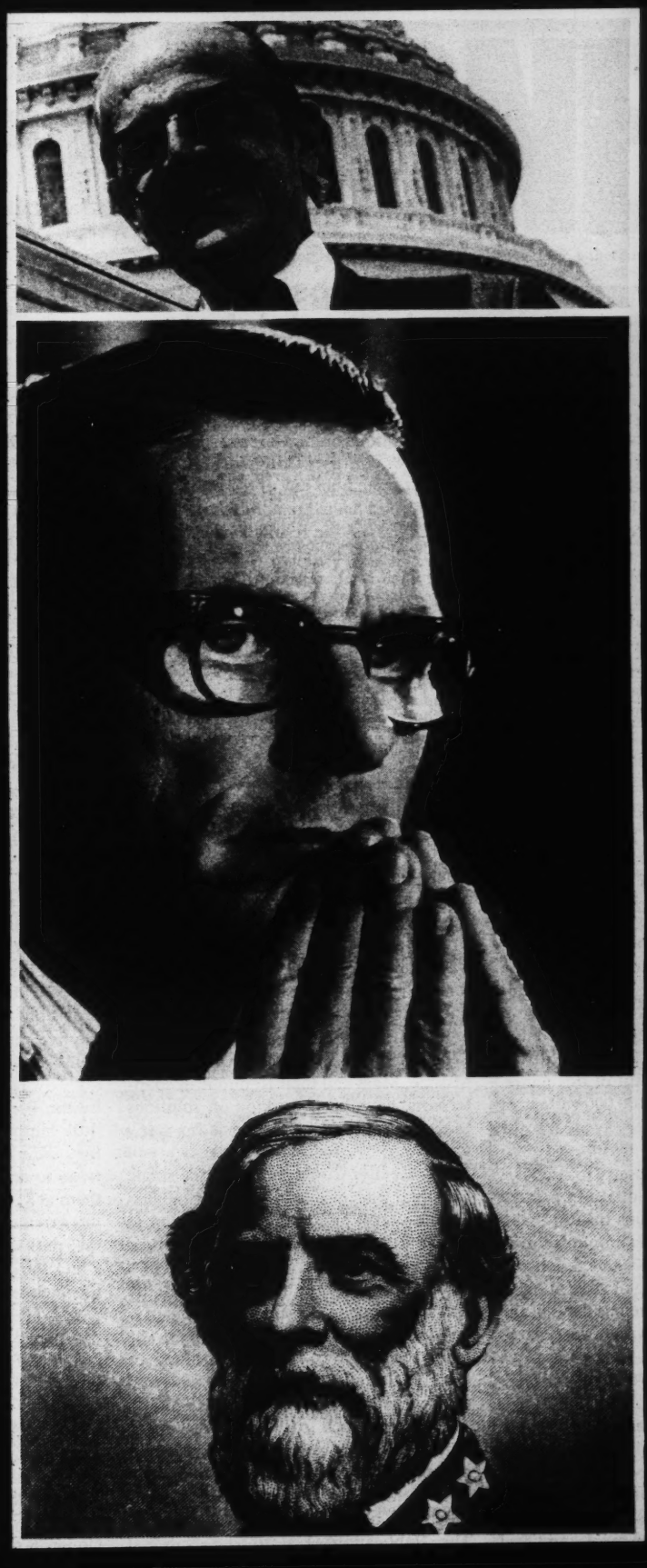
Senator Sam Ervin: "Might I suggest czarina? That is a good word."

Seeking a way out of the energy maze has unavoidably meant proposing some laws that might protect the consumer from being gouged. Such laws offend many congressmen. In the first of the emergency energy bills, there was a provision that would have prevented oil and coal companies from reaping "windfall profits."

This was such an extremely obnoxious proposal to Congressman Daniel J. Flood, a septuagenarian from a Pennsylvania coal region, that he had to leave the House floor and retire to a men's room nearby. When he returned and again plunged into the debate, he scolded his reform-minded colleagues for having "made my bowels upset."

Apparently, he noticed that this mention of his bowel movements made some members choke, for he went on to assure them, "I am not drinking. I have not had a drink in four years, because the doctor told me I cannot."

Robert Sherrill is the Washington correspondent of The Nation *and author of the recently published* Saturday Night Special.



Did you know that each hour Congress met last month cost you and me a total of $1,120,000 an hour?

Congress has yet to come up with a good scheme to curb gasoline waste, but it has come up with all sorts of shifty little notions. Congressman John Dingell (he's the fellow, by the way, who made himself famous in the gun-control debate by arguing that milk bottles are as deadly as revolvers) offered one of them. His bill was aimed at saving gas by doing away with all busing done to achieve racial balance in schools. It is a basic rule of congressional debate that the goofiest arguments must be built upon an extra layer of statistics, and Dingell followed the rule religiously: "According to the National Association of School Bus Contract Operators, there are about 290,000 school buses in the United States serving public and private institutions. The average mileage for these buses is estimated to be 5 miles per gallon. The average daily run is 60 miles per school bus, and it is estimated by the association that school buses operate approximately 180 days per year. The estimated [annual] consumption for the school buses is therefore 626,400,000 gallons. The National Association of School Bus Contract Operators has estimated that busing to achieve racial balance will use approximately 12½ percent of this figure. This comes out to be 78,300,000 gallons of gasoline which will be saved by the amendment."

Say, that sounds pretty impressive, doesn't it? I thought so, too, until I called the American Petroleum Institute and learned that the total consumption for all road vehicles is 280,000,000 gallons of gasoline *a day*. So if Dingell were allowed to take 12½ percent of the bus fleet off the road for a year—which would start blacks and whites shooting at each other—we would save less than one-third of *one day's* total gasoline usage.

Congressman Marvin L. Esch of Michigan said that back in his hometown, the Ypsilanti Jaycees have what they call an Operations E-Con Committee, and under the goading of those young fellows *The Ypsilanti Press* began a column titled "Bright Ideas," which provides daily consumer hints on how area residents can conserve energy. Congressman Esch couldn't remember any of the bright ideas offhand, and he had to admit that "no one can fully assess the results of such a community-oriented effort to conserve energy," but he felt that "certainly the impact must be substantial." Esch likes the Bright Ideas program because it's upbeat. "While some warn emotionally of riots in the streets because of fuel shortages," he said, "the people of my district are meeting the problems *head on* with a rational approach I believe can serve as a model for many communities."

Remember: it costs you $1,211,000 to keep that man in Washington.

If you listen closely to what the top federal legislators are saying about each other, you may be a bit baffled. They often praise each other for having seen the energy crisis coming *years* ago, long before any of the rest of us knew it was on the way. They are just full of fanciful praise for each other's foresight. For instance, not long ago Senator Mansfield announced that "several senators, notably Senators Jackson, Magnuson, Randolph, Muskie, Moss and their Republican counterparts, have been working on solutions to energy and related problems for many years."

Really? Could he name one single bill that was pushed through Congress "many years" ago by these gentlemen to head off the energy problem? Well, no, as a matter of fact, he couldn't.

Another of the amazing efforts of the Jackson claque to present him as an early-on student of the energy problem was made recently by Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia. Because of a "national fuels and energy policy study pushed by Randolph and Jackson back in 1971," said Senator Nunn, "and because of Senator Jackson's personal leadership, we have literally a bookshelf full of studies on the various aspects of our complex energy problem. The Publications List of the National Fuels and Energy Policy study, dated December, 1973, itemizes more than 29 sets of public hearings and 40 prints and reports which were produced during this inquiry over the past three years. This probably represents the most comprehensive compilation of information and comment on energy issues ever assembled."

Fine. But what was the *result* of all this? What did it *tell* us? Nunn couldn't think of any specifics, but he was damned sure of one thing: "Out of this serious scholarship emerged the conclusion that the nation must deal with our energy problems in a comprehensive manner."

That conclusion costs you—counting staff work, printing, etc.—an estimated $1.5 million.

Have there been achievements? But of course. The final version of the Energy Conference Report passed by Congress provided that no government officials but Cabinet members could be legally chauffeured to and from their homes. Senator William Proxmire, who was the most militant advocate of this provision—seeing as how he runs or walks the five miles back and forth to his own home and thinks others should do the same—was overjoyed. "If this bill is signed by the President, all those cars with the little lamps in the back will be illegal if they are used by any but Cabinet officers to go to and from home. When you spot them at 8 to 9 a.m. or from 5:30 to 6:30 on the Potomac River bridges, up or down the parkways, or going through Rock Creek Park, you will know that the man in the back seat is breaking the law."

There was just one thing that dampened Proxmire's jubilation. The use of chauffeur-driven government limousines for home commuting had been illegal for anybody but Cabinet officers since the Administrative Expenses Act of *1946*. Yes, yes, Proxmire knew all that, but he was still excited. "Sure, that law has been routinely broken in recent years. But the energy bill would serve notice that Congress means business *again*." ●

FREE MONEY!

It's a safe bet that you, like the average American, are completely unaware of the incredible bonanza recently granted you by Congress in the form of whopping new Social Security benefits.

Item: When today's average worker of 22 retires, he and his wife, according to Social Security actuaries, will receive an annual pension of *$38,000*. Moreover, the total amount of Social Security he and his wife can expect to collect *will surpass half a million dollars!*

Item: The average American doesn't know it, but the single most valuable asset he now possesses is his Social Security. It is equivalent, in maximum brackets, to a guaranteed 5% income on cash in bank, stocks or real estate worth *over $100,000*. Moreover, every cent of this bounteous income is *TAX FREE!*

Item: Most Americans still believe, mistakenly, that Social Security is a dole exclusively for the aged. The fact is, however, that *10 million* Americans under the age of 60 (and averaging a mere 30) are now collecting Social Security. These non-old age pensioners receive *$13 billion* annually, and both their number and the amounts of money they collect are bound to increase in years ahead. So generous has Social Security for younger Americans become, in fact, that it amounts to Free Money.

The biggest problem in connection with Social Security—as the government itself is first to admit—is giving the money away. That is, the public's woeful ignorance of the availability of funds has prevented its full distribution. *Over one billion dollars*, according to experts, remains undistributed in U.S. Treasury vaults simply because no one steps forward to claim it.

To help overcome this shocking public ignorance, and see that you get your share of the Social Security largesse, the editors of **Moneysworth**, the authoritative new consumer-affairs and personal-finance fortnightly, have prepared—as a public service—a comprehensive, lucid, savvy, astonishing new manual entitled *STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine*. A copy is yours *ABSOLUTELY FREE* with a subscription to **Moneysworth**.

STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine is more than just an encyclopedic reference work with charts, tables, descriptions of benefits and sample application forms. It is a personal adviser in a field of finance where impartial advice is otherwise almost impossible to obtain (the government, of course, is biased and lawyers are almost never willing to accept Social Security cases because, by law, they are not permitted to charge more than about $10 per case). *STAKE YOUR CLAIM!* is, therefore, virtually the only trustworthy, definitive guide available on what may well be your single most valuable financial asset. It is 12,000 words long, handy in format, indexed for fast reference and embellished with a glossary that translates Bureaucratese. In a special section it anticipates, and answers, the most unabashed—even Fagin-like—questions. Among the priceless nuggets of information you will pick up from this guide are answers to such questions as:

- How can you qualify for a pension even though you have never worked a day in your life, or contributed a cent in Social Security taxes, or even nearly reached the age of 65?
- How can you arrange to collect Social Security from *both* Canada and the U.S.?
- Why is it crucial to check the balance of your Social Security account periodically?
- Does it ever pay to take out *two* Social Security cards?
- Is it true, as some say, that you should "shop" at different Social Security offices since different interpretations of regulations can result in pensions of different amounts?
- Since, as studies have shown, two out of three workers *over*pay their Social Security taxes, how can you check on your payments and possibly obtain a refund?
- What forms of deception have people employed in order to maximize their Social Security benefits and collect pensions early?
- What steps, if any, are necessary to protect your pension from attachment by creditors?
- What federal program helps retired persons get jobs to supplement Social Security?
- What happens to your pension if an employer deducts Social Security taxes but fails to forward them to Washington for credit to your account? What special steps should you take if the firm you work for is financially shaky?
- How do you go about getting one of Social Security's huge "lump sum" payments?

In short, *STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine* is a treasure map to the Social Security mother lode, telling what pitfalls to avoid, what tools to use, how to find your way through the maze of regulations and how to hit pay dirt. Its editor and compiler is Ralph Ginzburg, the 43-year-old publisher of **Moneysworth**, who himself collects $99.40 in Social Security every month and has been getting Social Security since he was 25. To repeat, a copy of *STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine* is yours *ABSOLUTELY FREE* with a subscription to **Moneysworth**.

In case you're not familiar with **Moneysworth**, let us explain that it is America's most ingenious periodical dealing with personal finance and consumer affairs. It will positively flabbergast you with its inventiveness for making and saving money. In less than three years it has bestowed the Midas touch upon *nearly a million* ecstatic subscribers and has become the most widely read newsletter *IN THE WORLD*. Perhaps the best way to describe **Moneysworth** is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

How to Earn 10¼% on Your Savings Account
Digital Wristwatches: A Product Rating
Buying a New Car for $125 over *Dealer's* Cost
Shrewd Buys in Life Insurance
Air Travel at 50% Off
Minicalculators under $100
Professional Sex Counseling, $00 Per Hour
Belted Tires: A Rating without Bias
How to Buy a Pistol for Protection
Dog Foods Fit for King
How to Contest a Bad Credit Rating
Quadraphonic Hi-Fi: Innovation or Hype?
Wheeling and Dealing for a New Bike
Free Stock Advisory Services
Easy-Riding Motorcycles
Pianos of Note
Trailers with No Hitches
Home Burglar-Alarm Systems
Cheap Skates
How to Fight a Traffic Ticket
14 Ways to Save on Your Phone Bill

In sum, **Moneysworth** is a shrewd, trustworthy financial mentor. It is the quintessence of sophisticated gainsmanship.

The staff of **Moneysworth** is a team of hard-nosed, experienced journalists with a record of genius in the field of consumer affairs. Its publisher, as we mentioned earlier, is Ralph Ginzburg, creator of the daring and flamboyant magazines *Eros* and *Avant-Garde* (Mr. Ginzburg was first to publish Ralph Nader). **Moneysworth**'s editor-in-chief is Betty Fier, formerly of *Fact*. Radiating from this nucleus of editorial energy are reporters and product-testers throughout the U.S.A. Together they create America's first—and only—consumer periodical with *charisma*.

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Watergate quiz answers

The Dirt

1. Frank Wills—at last report, unemployed
2. Five
3. Cuban
4. Ron Ziegler
5. Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
6. Schoolteacher in Washington, D.C.
7. Director of security for CREEP
8. 100
9. Robert Salisbury Dietrich, David St. John
10. $6.4 million—$775,000
11. A man was standing in front of the door
12. James McCord's lawyer
13. Howard Hunt
14. Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist
15. $100,000
16. He was being considered for a government post
17. Billy Graham—Haldeman
18. The finger has been pointed at two men: Kenneth Clawson, who denies it, and Donald Segretti, who has not commented on the charge publicly.
19. Hubert Humphrey, Scoop Jackson—on Muskie stationery
20. The Societe Immobiliare Generale company of Rome

The Cover-Up

21. Mitchell
22. Ehrlichman-Pat Gray
23. A Navy term. In Watergate, to dispose of documents by dropping them in the Potomac
24. Mrs. Dorothy Hunt—$10,000
25. Newport Beach, California—to keep her from talking to reporters
26. Gemstone
27. To save his marriage
28. Directorship of the FBI—Los Angeles—April 5 & 7, 1973—Ehrlichman
29. Costa Rica
30. John Dean
31. John Mitchell
32. Dick Tuck
33. Haldeman, Ehrlichman
34. Henry Petersen
35. His grandmother
36. The Brush—Mitchell
37. $576,000
38. 1970, $793—1971, $878
39. none
40. Charles
41. Milk price supports
42. Mitchell
43. Harry Robbins
44. Valves for aerosol spray cans

The Court

45. Earl Silbert
46. March 23, 1973, when Judge Sirica read McCord's letter in open court
47. Six

The Committee

48. Robert Odle
49. Constitution
50. William Sloane Coffin
51. Maurice Stans
52. Senator Weicker
53. Senator Montoya
54. Liddy's secretary

The Tapes

73. Alexander Butterfield
74. Brown paper bags
75. Sony 800B
76. William Dobrovir—Ralph Nader
77. Uher 5000
78. 18½ minutes
79. About 5 minutes
80. Alexander Haig
81. Haig

The Massacre

82. Three
83. William Ruckelshaus
84. Robert H. Bork

55. New York City policeman
56. "Stay away" from politics
57. Dean's
58. 490
59. Joe Namath
60. "My loyalty to Richard Nixon goes back longer than any person at these hearings . . . ."
61. John Wesley Dean, III
62. Senator Gurney of Florida
63. Alfred Baldwin—Howard Johnson's
64. 8 months, once
65. Terry Lenzner, Rufus Edmisten
66. Everett Dirksen's
67. University of Southern California
68. Richard Moore
69. John J. Wilson—Senator Inouye
70. Charles Colson
71. Robert C. McCandless, Charles Shaffer
72. Senator Baker asked Tony Ulasewicz

The Crunch

85. August, 1972—"no comment."
86. "One can only be angry with those he respects."
87. American Airlines—fine of $5,000
88. Haldeman
89. Colson
90. Vladimir Pregelj—Van Dyke beard
91. *Time* magazine
92. Robert Woodward
93. Segretti (5'2")
94. Hugh Scott
95. Dan Rather
96. Ron Ziegler—New Orleans
97. Air Force Sergeant Edward Kleizo—Orlando, Florida
98. At Disneyworld meeting with 400 newspaper editors
99. State of the Union address
100. Hannah Nixon, his mother

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SUPERHEROES INVADE...

Text by Terry Levin

And now Watergate has even insinuated its way onto the pages of action comic books. Yes, in comics ranging from *Spiderman* (Marvel)—in which characters make casual references to Sam Ervin—to *Prez* (National Periodical Publications)—in which the teenaged president-hero is subpoenaed and threatened with impeachment—the times are very much in evidence. Some, like an updated *War of the Worlds* (Marvel), which features huge and vicious rats dwelling in the White House basement, are downright pointed. Others, like a recent *The Hulk* (Marvel), which has Nixon and Kissinger fretting over whether or not to blow up Australia, are almost nostalgic for a time when issues weren't so damn complicated. But all of them point up one inescapable fact: that no matter how old you are, or how young, you can run, but you can no longer hide.

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A LINE OUT OF HARDERMAN'S CAMPAIGN BOOK, MISTER!
AND I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUDDY--BUT SINCE YOU STRUCK THE FIRST BLOW--

Scene from the February *Captain America*, the first half of a two-part series, in which Cap is the victim of a plot to discredit him by a man named Harderman, a super-crook named Moonstone and their organization, the Committee to Regain America's Principles (CRAP). ©1973 Marvel Comics Group

THE SPIRITS OF WATERGATE NEVER DESERT US! THEY ALWAYS PROVIDE US WITH NEW CAPTIVES FOR THE ANNUAL "HEARINGS!"
PRAISE THEM··
OUR "PLUMBER'S SQUAD" WILL BE HONORED WHEN WE RETURN HOME FROM "STAKE-OUT!"
WE SHALL BE GRANTED "IMMUNITY" FROM EVIL FOREVER!

TUFTAN'S CAVALRY THUNDERS AFTER HIM AS HE GALLOPS TOWARD THE UNKNOWN···
A-ARE WE HEADING FOR DANGER, TUFTAN?
IT WON'T BE A TEA PARTY··· WE'RE GOING TO FIND THE WATERGATE TAPES!
NOT SO FAST! I'M NOT THE YOUNGEST SCIENTIST IN YOUR FATHER'S SERVICE!

IT'S VERY OLD --MADE BEFORE THE GREAT DISASTER, I'D SAY··
"I WANT TO MAKE THIS PERFECTLY CLEAR··"
SNAP-P-!
THE TAPE IS BROKEN··· DON'T BOTHER FIXING IT···
IT DOESN'T MEAN MUCH --NOW··
COPYRIGHT © NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 1974
THE END

Panels from *Kamandi, The Last Boy on Earth,* in which a teenager emerges from a fallout shelter after World War III to discover that gorillas have taken over. Kamandi and his tiger allies set to searching for the missing Watergate tapes, which they figure must be some kind of treasure since everyone wanted them so badly back in 1974. After battling a plumber's squad of gorillas, they finally get the tapes, which the apes had been running at high speed and worshiping as "Spirit Voices." © 1973 National Periodical Publications

The Senator from Texa...co?

By Bill Keller

Lloyd Millard Bentsen Jr. rocks his chair back on its hind casters, at ease for the first time in an awkward interview. With his face stretched into a squint-eyed grin, he looks more like a senior Palm Springs tennis pro than the junior senator from Texas.

The interview has doted too heavily, he feels, on the subject of his cordial relationship with the oil industry. Now, though, he is talking about his political heroes and aspirations, relieved to be rid of the Other Subject.

Behind him, above the black marble mantelpiece in his Senate office, a large, unnerving portrait of the late speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn, glared out at some vast, imaginary audience. Sam Rayburn as Orson Welles would play him, thumbs tucked resolutely in the armpits of his vest, face set like a stern Dixie preacher. Rayburn had detested that portrait because of the way the stark light emphasized his baldness. But Bentsen, a Rayburn protege during a short-lived House career in the early '50s, had admired it. So the Speaker gave it to him, inscribed, "To my friend Lloyd Bentsen, who likes ugly things."

"When I decided to leave the House," Bentsen mused, "the Speaker told me, 'Lloyd, you're a fool. You're 32 years of age. You're from a safe district. Why, in 25 years, you could be speaker.' And I thought, 'Twenty-five years?' "

Only 20 of those years have elapsed, and Lloyd Bentsen Jr. has set his sights considerably higher than speaker of the House. He wants to be President.

"I'm telling you just as candidly as I know how to tell you," he says, in a resonant voice with a Southern cadence but only faint accent, "that I'd like to be President of the United States."

Bentsen, of course, is a very long shot. But the most widely revived truism in Washington this year is that long shots sometimes come in on the money. And even if he doesn't get the top spot, several ranking Democrats see him comfortably aboard a ticket with Kennedy, Mondale or Muskie.

Lloyd Bentsen wants to be President, but this year being for oil is like being for smallpox

But there's that hitch. Bentsen comes from a state that stands, in the national mind, for the oil oligarchy and the strong-arm politics of fabulous mineral wealth. In any year, that is a liability. In the midst of a fuel crisis, it may be political poison.

Sam Rayburn, who perhaps more than anyone else introduced petropolitics to the United States Congress, used to advise the young comers who courted him, "When in doubt, vote your district." On the oil question, Bentsen has followed that advice. What candidate would not be tempted to use that record to caricature Lloyd Bentsen as, say, "the Senator from Texaco?"

Though he votes with the Southern Democrats only about half the time overall—good strategy for a Presidential contender—on legislation of importance to the petroleum industry, Bentsen has been pretty consistently in step with the Texas delegation. As he told a meeting of the American Petroleum Institute two years ago, when he talks to oil producers he feels "like the preacher sermonizing to the choir."

He opposes curbs on profits or strict, utility-style regulations for fuel industries. In December, leading opposition to a tax bill the oil industry found distasteful, he said it was "a strange time indeed to start talking about increasing the tax on those persons who are trying to increase our supply of energy." He favors the Alaska pipeline (two, if possible), the percentage depletion allowance and the deregulation of natural gas prices. Though he supported the water pollution control bill that came through the Public Works Committee, he reportedly fought in work sessions for an amendment to exclude some well-drilling byproducts from the definition of "pollutants."

All of this naturally presents a dilemma for the junior senator from Texas, who has his own seat to defend in 1976 if he doesn't end up on a national ticket. (Under Texas law, he can do both simultaneously.) Bentsen can't afford to be dismantling his pipelines behind him, but neither can he afford to have them lying around for everyone to see.

Bill Keller, on leave as a reporter from the Portland Oregonian, *is a Fellow at the Washington Journalism Center.*

Ralph Yarborough, still bitter from the 1970 primary, calls Bentsen "the Democratic Nixon"

Asked about this apparent quandary, Bentsen insistently discounts the liability of Texas oil. His close friend Lyndon Johnson, he points out, overcame that handicap. To Bentsen's way of thinking, America is longing for another LBJ, and it might as well be LB Jr. "Anyway," he adds hopefully, "there would be other issues that would dominate the scene."

Lloyd Bentsen Jr. was born 53 years ago into a family that accumulated, as he grew up, almost feudal might in the Rio Grande Valley of Southern Texas. Lloyd Sr., a self-made patrone, is described by one liberal Texan who knows him as "a hard-nosed old free enterpriser of the rough-and-tumble school, a forthright, rock-ribbed reactionary."

Not surprisingly, things went smoothly for Lloyd Jr. Elected to his first political office at 25, he went to the House of Representatives just two years later from Texas' fifteenth district. But after three terms, he announced that he was retiring from politics to make a fortune of his own. Over the next 15 years he did just that, acquiring a fat portfolio of insurance, banking and mortgage, real estate, mineral and industrial interests, making close friends in high-income brackets and acquiring the self-assured manner of a man accustomed to being deferred to in corporate boardrooms.

When John Connally decided not to keep the governorship in 1968, Robert Strauss, now chairman of the Democratic National Committee, asked Bentsen to run, assuring him the support of the Connally machine. "In our judgment he would have been an odds-on favorite," Strauss recalls. "But he wouldn't even consider it. He just brushed me off very nicely and said he wasn't interested in being governor. Then he said, 'If I ever get a chance to go to the Senate, Bob, then I think I'd want to take a shot at it.' "

His shot came three years later, against Ralph Yarborough, the patron saint of Texas liberalism. It was a raucous primary. Yarborough called the young millionaire the product of "a family of economic pressures, a family of land frauds, a family of wetback exploiters." Bentsen hit back on all the inflammatory issues—busing, school prayer, antiwar protest. One barrage in a costly TV blitz featured footage of trashing during the Washington Moratorium. "Senator Yarborough endorsed the Moratorium," Bentsen told viewers. "Did he represent your views on these demonstrations?"

Later, a study by the nonpartisan *Congressional Quarterly* said of Bentsen and a few other rich newcomers that they "may have perfected their own form of new politics, in which cash and manipulation of the media do the work that used to be done by regular party organizations." Yarborough, now an Austin attorney, calls Bentsen "the Democratic Nixon," and bitterly predicts the only way Bentsen will get a spot on the Democratic ticket is "by just flat buying it."

Spiro Agnew, sizing up Bentsen's conservative posture in the campaign, counted the new senator among Nixon's "ideological majority." He was wrong. Bentsen voted with Nixon 59 percent of the time in the Ninety-Second Congress, according to a *Congressional Quarterly* survey, and only 44 percent last year. Sensing that the conservative hold on Texas politics was far from ironclad, and eyeing a national constituency, Bentsen quickly swung toward the ideological middle, compiling a voting record that defies classification. He voted for cloture, took a moderate stance on the war and voiced occasional economic views that sounded almost populist in the mouth of a Texas millionaire. He cast a decisive vote against the SST and led opposition to acceleration of the Trident submarine project. A former director of Lockheed Aircraft, he pointedly abstained on a crucial vote to bail the company out of its financial troubles (though, oddly, he voted on the company's side against eight little-noticed preliminary moves to kill or cripple the Lockheed bill). He has won high ratings from women, educators and the elderly, but opposes busing and gun control.

In other words, he went a long way towards making himself palatable to all the folks who might have stood in his way in '76. And then came the energy crunch. This year being for oil is like being for smallpox. Bentsen is taking precautions. With Scoop Jackson playing the oil issue like a violin, it is unlikely that Bentsen will be able to turn the issue to his own advantage.

The first sign of the Bentsen Oil Coping Strategy—he calls it "the constructive approach"—appeared in December when he popped up on the Senate floor and declared, "The time has come to ask: will the oil industry make sacrifices equal to those asked of the private American citizen in this time of trial?" With that faintly heretical tone, he announced two "major proposals."

The first would remove the percentage depletion allowance, the 22 percent tax deduction oil companies get to compensate for the supposed exhausting of oil supplies, on oil operations outside of North America. In a *Today Show* interview shortly afterward, he explained that the plan would contribute to American energy independence because it would "force oil companies to drill here" by removing an incentive for drilling abroad. That was bunk. In fact, oil companies are allowed such large tax credits in America for the money they pay in foreign "taxes" that there is virtually no U.S. tax left on foreign production from which to deduct a depletion allowance. A similar bill introduced five years ago by Representative Charles Vanik (D-Ohio) was dismissed as not worth the bother. "Tax experts told us it's a meaningless reform," Bill Vaughn, a Vanik aide specializing in tax reform, told NEW TIMES. "The effect would be zilch."

His other showcase oil bill is more

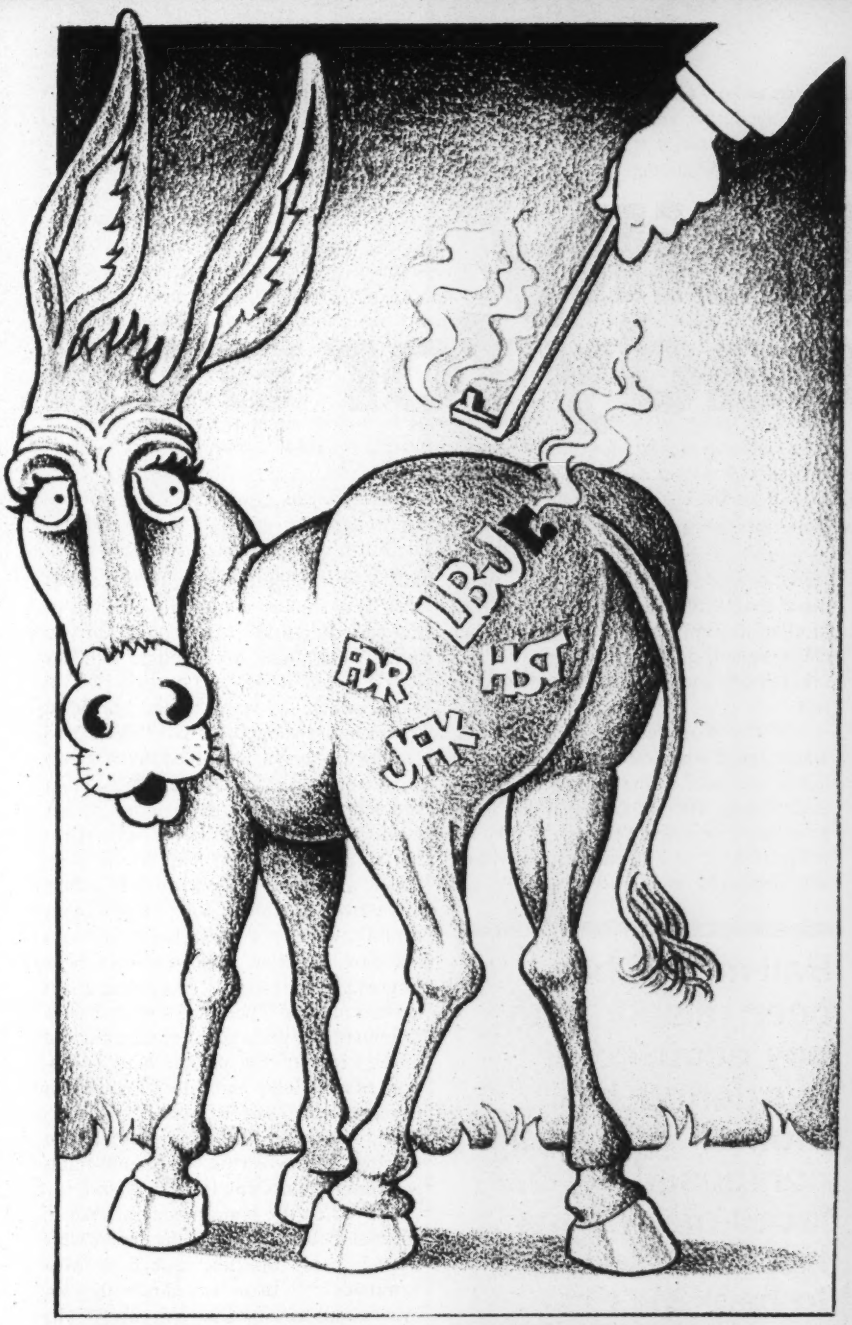


ILLUSTRATION BY MARTY NORMAN

complicated and more substantial. He proposes to change the way oil companies suck oil from federal offshore lands. Though hardly a radical reform, it is—for Bentsen—a calculated political risk.

The way it works now, oil companies pay huge amounts up front for leases on the land, then turn over a sixth of the oil they produce to the government as royalties. Bentsen proposed to raise to 60 percent the share of production the companies give the government. The object is to drive down the enormous cost of bidding on the leases so that smaller companies can compete with the majors. Gulf Oil greeted this proposal curtly ("certainly not in the national interest") and Bentsen himself says with undisguised pride, "I got a visceral reaction out of a lot of them, the majors in particular. They didn't like that idea."

But it is the independent oil producers who make up the bulk of Bentsen's oil industry constituency, and they were not so alarmed. They still have some doubts as to whether the legislation (not in final form at this writing) would actually make the offshore oil game more accessible to them, but if that's what it will do, they're for it. They told Bentsen they would prefer a provision to make the government share not only the profits but the financial risks of a spill, and Bentsen's staff is still "wrassling with that idea." In addition, Bentsen has stressed he favors accelerating the sale of offshore leases, a stand the industry backs solidly.

As legislation, the two bills have yet to stand trial in Congress. As elements in the Bentsen Oil Coping Strategy, they seem to have fallen somewhat short of his expectations. They were largely ignored.

"I'm convinced he was really after the Eastern press with those bills," said Margaret Mayer of the Dallas *Times-Herald*, one of the few reporters who saw through the foreign depletion allowance bill. "He got almost no attention at all, except back home in Houston, where he got BAD press. Bentsen doesn't misfire very often, but I think he misfired on this one."

But Bentsen seems to be reloading. In his interview with NEW TIMES he said Congress ought to "take a hard look at" the controversial foreign tax credits for the oil industry and eliminate them if there is evidence the industry is unscrupulously writing off royalties to foreign governments. (Bentsen passed up a chance to raise the question when the Finance Committee, to which he belongs, held its recent hearings on oil industry tax breaks.)

Tax credits primarily touch the majors, but Bentsen's mild challenge to this jealously guarded tax privilege is likely to make the industry as a whole a bit edgy.

"Bentsen is apparently trying to lose an image of being an oil state senator," said one oil lobbyist. "In doing so he's got a significant segment of the industry in his home state a little uptight about him. There seems to be the feeling that he has forsaken a segment of his constituency that, as much as any other, was responsible for his election.

"I don't think he's gotten so far out that he can't easily maneuver his way back in. There hasn't been a real test of loyalty yet. But it's plain the guy is running hard to be in a position for lightning to strike." ●

Peter Reilly gets ready for trial

By Joan Barthel

Some of the sounds that reach up to the second-floor courtroom, such as the sound of voices from the sidewalk, change each day, and some change with the weather. But one sound never changes: each day at noon, when the whistle blows, a dog barks. The barking always comes from the same place, behind the courthouse, off to the right, which means the dog has to be either in the alleyway next to the courthouse or somewhere behind the diner next door. All of it together—the whistle, the dog, the children romping on the village green in the very shadows of the courthouse and the jail (did I mention the barber dozing in his shop? the crusty waitress in the diner?)—makes such a perfect set piece that it is easy to drift into reverie, into a remembrance of things fictionally past. I was doing that in Litchfield Superior Court, nestling down into one of those sweet Frank Capra daydreams, as pretrial hearings were to resume in Docket No. 5285, STATE OF CONNECTICUT VS. PETER A. REILLY.

Peter Reilly is a young man accused of murdering his mother, Barbara Gibbons, last fall. I had attended previous hearings in his case, I'd heard the tapes of his polygraph test and I'd written an article, so it all seemed familiar, except for a new presiding judge, John Speziale—stern, brisk, punctual, precise.

Everything else seemed the same. Peter Reilly was still arriving in handcuffs, escorted by a trio of deputies. His attorney, Catherine Roraback, was slimmer than I'd seen her before but with the same wide smile. State's Attorney John Bianchi, dapper and ruddy, smiled, too, as he'd been smiling all along. But just as I was beginning that gentle mental drift, the scenario was abruptly changed. Word came that Catherine Roraback's earlier motion to suppress the confession her client signed, on the grounds that it was involuntary and coerced, was denied in full.

The word came from Hartford, where Judge Anthony Armentano, who'd heard that part of the case, wrote a six-page memo. He declared that the tapes he'd heard depicted Peter as "a very intelligent, articulate, calm, alert individual who displayed no emotional anxiety, distress or despondency during his interrogation." He said: "There may have been some repetitive, suggestive questioning, or the planting of ideas, by the members of the state police. If such existed, and the court does not so find, such questioning, planting or circumstance did not deprive the defendant of due process." The trial was scheduled to begin at once, rimmed with a long list of restrictions on press coverage. And Peter Reilly was freed on bond.

Bail money has been raised for the boy accused of murdering his mother. And a jury composed of "the faces of America" has been selected to hear his case

The bond money came from a woman in New York, a writer, who read about Peter Reilly in *New Times*. She called Jean Beligni, mother of two of Peter's close friends, a founding member of the bail committee. "How much do you need?" she asked. Mrs. Beligni told her they'd raised $6,000 and needed $44,000 more, which the woman then borrowed from a bank, using stocks as collateral, and sent up to Canaan. She asked that her own name not be used, but it could be said that she sent the money in memory of her mother, Louise H. de Sieyes, who spent the last 25 years of her life in Washington, Conn., a superbly green town only a short drive from Litchfield jail. "My mother would never have done such a thing," says her daughter now. "She was very New England, very reserved; everything about her was muffled. There was a great fear, in women of her generation, of stepping out of the structure. But she had many vibrations of conscience and a deep concern for fairness, which she expressed so little." The woman has posted bond before, for her own son, when he was a civil-rights worker in Mississippi. He was 18, too.

When the bond money arrived in court on February 21, and the papers were signed, Judge Speziale looked at Miss Roraback. "Is there any doubt in your mind about his appearance in court?" The lawyer looked confident. "None whatsoever, your honor," she said. John Bianchi looked solemn. "He doesn't have the family roots that we would be most happy with, but I know them (the Madows) to be good solid citizens." Peter would live with Marion and Mickey Madow, their sons Arthur and Geoffrey, Marion's mother, Nan, and her black dachshund, Natasha. Since last October, Marion Madow hadn't missed a Saturday visiting Peter in jail. Now, when the judge questioned her about doubts, she smiled. "None whatsoever," she said.

At the jail across the street, Peter shook hands with deputies and guards,

Contributing Editor Barthel reported for NEW TIMES *the events leading to the arrest of Peter Reilly.*

then carried his belongings out in two big cardboard boxes, one labeled COFFEE CAKE. "So long, Pete," called a man at a window. "Take care." Somebody else gave a long, shrill whistle. In nearly five months in jail—143 days, checked off on his cell wall with a red Magic Marker—Peter made friends, including an accused embezzler and a drummer who taught him music theory. He may never see them again because, as a former inmate, he will not be allowed to visit.

Over the weekend, friends and neighbors streamed in and out of the Madows' cheerful house looking out toward Canaan Mountain. The Belignis came, the Dickinsons, Bea Keith, Beverly King and some of her children. Throngs of teenagers. Peter played his guitar and showed the card tricks he'd learned in jail. On Saturday night he went to McDonald's for hamburgers, with the Madows and Ricky Beligni. On Sunday morning Aldo Beligni took Peter and Geoff to St. Joseph's, where Father Paul celebrated early Mass. On Tuesday evening the regular meeting of the Peter Reilly Bond Fund committee was attended, for the first time, by Peter Reilly. But the mood was less joyous than fearful. That afternoon in court John Bianchi complained about statements Peter made to the press, as well as general "inflammatory publicity" about the case. Judge Speziale issued a supplementary order threatening to revoke bail if the defendant makes "extrajudicial statements" about his case and threatening contempt citations against anyone else who says or disseminates such statements. The lid is on, tight.

But the courtroom drama is on the record. One prospective juror, a high school civics teacher, had read the previous NEW TIMES piece and discussed it at length, he told the court, with his wife. He said he couldn't tell from the article whether he thought the accused was innocent or guilty, but he thought this could be "a very significant case, involving police procedures . . . a very significant confrontation between two attorneys." That confrontation began on the eve of the trial when Catherine Roraback moved for dismissal, calling the possible sentence, 25 years to life, "cruel and unusual punishment . . . as definitive and final an act as death would be for a young man 18 years of age," and John Bianchi argued that only a certain type of death penalty has been considered "cruel and unusual punishment." During the *voir dire*, the interrogation of jurors, Miss Roraback asked each person, "As you look at my client, is he innocent or guilty?" After a while, John Bianchi protested. "All this pointing and indicating and looking . . . I think the phrase 'as you look at my client' is prejudicial." Miss Roraback seemed surprised. "I think a juror *has* to look at my client," she argued. "Peter Reilly is on trial here." Beyond such clashes, the attorneys' disagreement was fundamental, involving constitutional questions that involve First Amendment issues, including freedom of the press and the defendant's freedom of speech. John Bianchi, who moved to bar the press and the public from the pretrial hearings last December, saw a CBS camera on the sidewalk in front of the grocery store, next door to the courthouse, and moved, twice in one day, for a mistrial. Catherine Roraback objected, adding that she thinks too many restrictions have been placed on the press already.

On one point, though, both lawyers agree: it's a good jury. The judge says so, and I think so, too, as I study the 12 faces in the jury box and think in clichés about the faces of America. There's a man in his 20s, a lanky redhead who works for the phone company, married, two small children. Another man is nearly 67, a bachelor who still lives with his mother. He was the very first of 60 prospective jurors questioned, and the first chosen. The odds seemed against him until Catherine Roraback, in the *voir dire*, asked if he had any strong feelings about the younger generation. "You mean, am I anti?" he asked bluntly. She smiled and said yes. He smiled and said no, adding poignantly, "I can still remember being young."

His first weekend out on bail Peter spent considerable time playing his guitar.

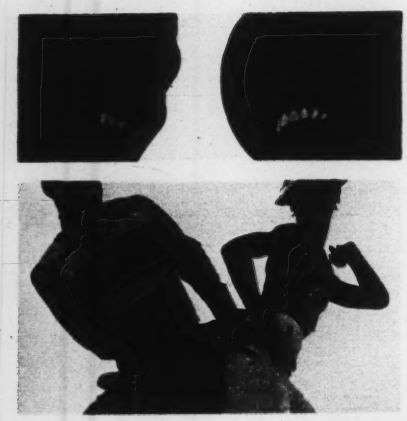
An insurance agent. Another man from the phone company. A commercial artist. The foreman of a crew of automobile mechanics. A Congregational minister's wife. A factory worker, a retired hospital purchasing agent, an Air Force veteran who looks like a young Richard Boone. A pert grandmother with bouffant grey hair, who works in an office, and a physical therapist in her mid-30s. Just folks, like the courthouse regulars. There's jolly Phil Plumb, once a sports reporter, now a clerical aide who keeps the water glasses filled, the venetian blinds adjusted and the court amused with yarns about the Gashouse Gang, Dizzy Dean, Frankie Frisch. Deputy Sheriff Joseph Battistoni, a retired fire captain, calls defense counsel "Catherine" and calls me "Dear." When he announces that court is opened or adjourned and asks people to rise or be seated, he always says "please." Not like your bailiffs in big city courts—abrupt, curt, impersonal. This is a congenial place, where everybody knows everybody else, or soon will. Most of these folks have been around for years, including Gemma di Mauro, the petite, dark-haired assistant clerk, typing briskly in the downstairs office, and Mr. Roberts, the court reporter, 26 years in Litchfield County, who can take 300 words a minute on his Stenograph and read it back, if asked, in elegant, near-Shakespearean diction. When I complain of the bitter cold, Roosevelt Powell, the black deputy, recalls the winter of '27, when it got down to 25 below and stayed there.

Surely, few courts can be friendlier than this one. Families are welcome: Deputy Sheriff Pat Alfano, who hopes to run for high sheriff this fall, greets his lovely daughter Patty—tall, slim, long chestnut hair—with a grin and a kiss. My own daughter, nearly four, trudges up the stairs to meet me; Deputy Mario de Paoli smiles, stoops to chat with her and show her his badge. Marian Battistoni drops by to see Joe. A sleek young woman sitting behind me, in the second row of spectators, has come by on this cool, windy morning to listen to her husband, assistant court clerk, read the indictment. The prologue—the pretrial hearings and selection of the jury—is complete; the grim drama is about to start. And now, on the first day of March, the day before Peter Reilly's 19th birthday, the 12 regular jurors and two alternates stand tense and alert, facing the accused, as Robert Wall Jr. reads:

"The Grand Jury of the County of Litchfield by this indictment accuses Peter A. Reilly of Canaan, Conn., of the crime of Murder and charges that at the Town of Canaan on the 28th day of September, 1973, the said Peter A. Reilly, with intent to cause the death of Barbara Gibbons of Canaan, did cause the death of Barbara Gibbons, by slashing her throat, breaking bones in her body, and inflicting stab wounds, all in violation of Section 53a-54 of the General Statutes of Connecticut." ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM BARTHEL

these are new times



Pa-a-rty!

The hell with hard times–you can boogie down at the discos just about midnight

By Jesse Kornbluth

This has zero—nothing—to do with "boogie" as in Janis Joplin and her Full-Tilt Boogie Band; that's about choppy, self-conscious white funk, about faded Woodstocks of the past where stoned-out white longhairs, half a mile from the stage, would throw their bodies spastically every which way. Nor is this "boogie-woogie" and the hyped-to-death return to the 1930s, when whites cabbed uptown to catch the action at the Cotton Club. Or even the remake of that fantasy, the padded-shoulder slink of the Pointer Sisters.

Jesse Kornbluth is a freelance journalist and screenwriter who dabbles in boogie and magic—which he finds much the same.

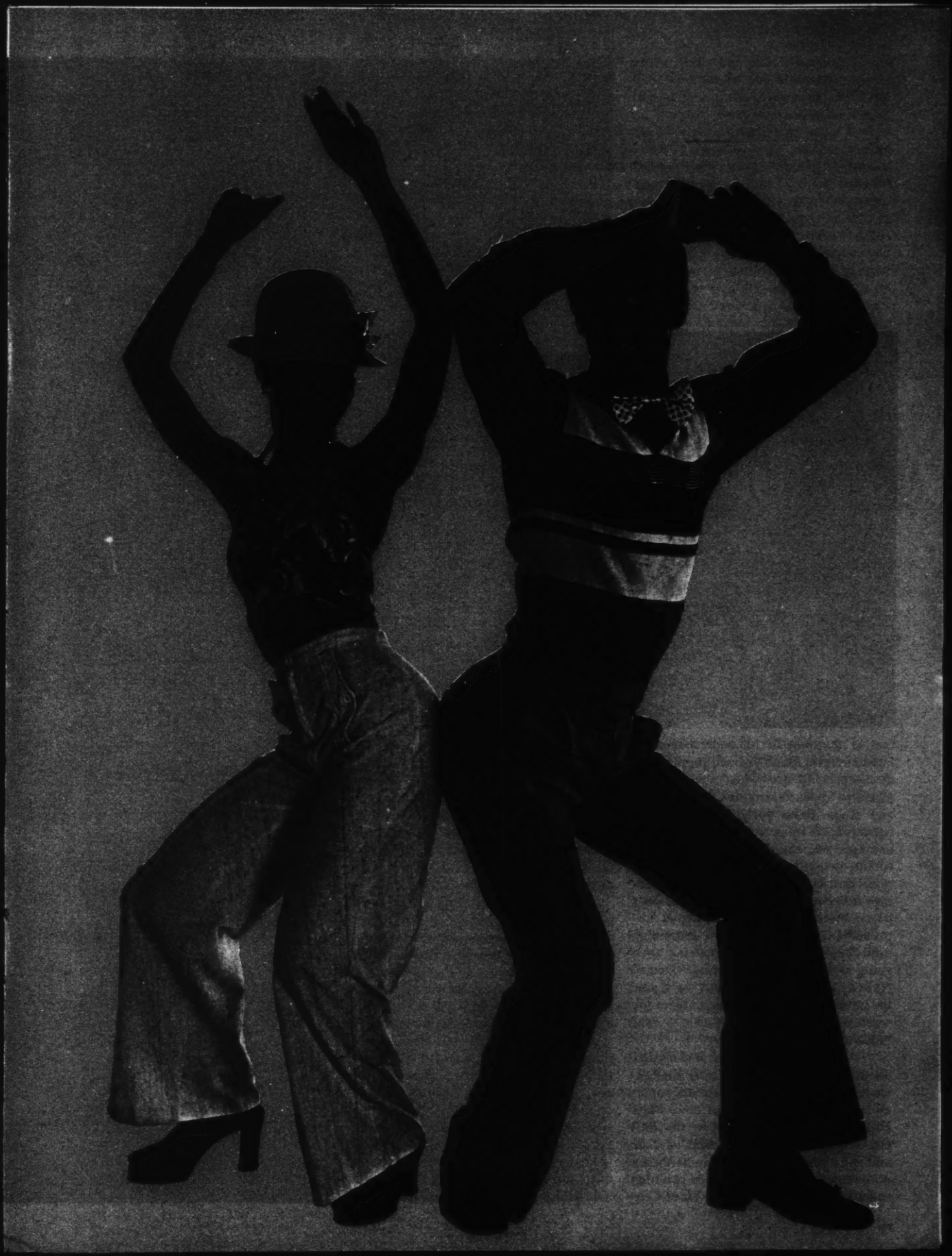
No, this is *boogie*, as in: 500 black kids packed into midtown clubs at three in the morning, blowing whistles and shouting "Pa-a-rty," all the while doing the Bump perfectly. Going skip, hop, bump against your partner's hip with your own. Skip, hop, bump her rear with yours, as your arms swing in counter-rhythm against the wave of the music. Boogie as a response to the best black songs anyone can remember, their super-production intensified by speakers as big as tables. Boogie as the collective, joyous—even wholesome—affirmation of the will to survive and prosper. Boogie as an antidote to hard times, when the need to party becomes as insistent as Kool and the Gang's bass section. When the only commandment worth obeying is: "Get *down*!"

The total dominance of black music, in conjunction with the sudden availability of good places to dance to it, has created a minor explosion of ethnic dance halls in New York's midtown; it has attracted little notice, one suspects, because it seemed that our love affair with black culture was just another short-lived preoccupation. Something on the order of a season's relief from Watergate and a skidding economy. First Gladys Knight and her Pips blew into town and revived the nightclub business at the Waldorf, on staid Park Avenue, no less. Then the Pointer Sisters jammed Roseland, bringing out an audience that, in costume, anyway, seemed to have escaped from a 1930's MGM musical. Then Love Unlimited broke out of the gay bars and onto the runways of almost every Seventh Avenue fashion show, and it was all you could do to stay in your seat.

Suddenly, although nothing in the *Times* indicated happy days were at hand, you walked the streets with jaunty uplift, getting a new perspective from "marshmallows," high-heeled crepe-soled workshoes that have made platforms as passé as glitter. Suddenly, it became important—enough to take the phone off the receiver—to set a full-length mirror next to your TV and spend 11 to noon Saturday mornings studying the moves of the dancers on *Soul Train*, a black version of *American Bandstand*, with the kind of cool choreography

Dancer Marilyn Worrell and actor Peter Norman execute the finer points of doin' the Bump.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOEL BALDWIN



John, the DJ at One Degree East (right) orchestrates the first climax of the evening. And (below) two dancers take five.

that is stunning in its understatement. Suddenly, you found yourself poring over newspapers to see when the Lockers would be appearing on the Carson show—and when those seven double-jointed dancers came on in slouch caps, knickers and knee sox, and moved like funkadelic robots, doing impossible counter-rhythmical thrusts for two beats and then freezing for the next two, it all but stopped your heart. Friends gathered together at improbable hours to catch them, grumbling until they saw what was happening, then going away converts, muttering, "Damn! Nobody moves like that." All the while, the momentum was building, until, in the words of the *Soul Train* theme, it was "time to get down."

Where, though? Those in the know about boogie joints emphatically don't include newspapers and telephone operators. With the exception of chic, white Hippopotamus—which lives in the East 60s, requires constricting jacket and tie and stiffs you for a $9 minimum—there's no obvious place where choice recorded sounds come through Electro-Voice Century 3 speakers, no easy-to-name club where Gates studio turntables are matched with McIntosh amps, a straight-line mixer panel and Metrotec Stereo Frequency Equalizer. Not unless you count Le Jardin, in the Diplomat Hotel, where glitter-gays converge and the management tends to screen out the straights, a reverse prejudice that never quite makes sense.

No, not for nothing is the most popular black disc jockey in New York nicknamed "Hollywood," with heavy emphasis on the last syllable. For even in its bourgeois, earthy openness, the black disco remains set apart, admitting all who take the trouble to find it, but making that a definite challenge, even something of a snipe hunt. The One Degree East—advertised on radio as "a *serious* KP Production"—is nonetheless hidden in a subterranean Horn and Hardart, cooking overtime on Friday and Saturday nights with only a small sign outside and a cop car parked on the corner to let you know that, yes, this is the place. Others leave it entirely to word-of-mouth. The Third World Gallery, on lower Fifth at 19th Street, lists itself in the

phone book, but there's nothing on the front door to let you know that on the second floor of this anonymous loft building it's party time. Alexander the Great, the biggest, plushest and most professional of the dance halls, occupies the old Dinty Moore's on 46th Street off Broadway; although it has room for 400–600 people, it never advertises, lists no phone.

But the most elusive is midtown's newest—and automatically most desirable—boogie palace, Liquid Smoke; you could drive for hours through the deserted commercial area and never spot it at its alleged 55th Street and 12th Avenue two-story loft. Call the information operator late on Saturday night, and she doesn't even have to look it up: Liquid Smoke is unlisted. Private. When asked if she wouldn't mind checking the book, she confides, "Honey, I don't have to. *Every*body's callin' for that number tonight."

Those places that advertise do it in code. "Party like a freak, seven days a week" is how The Highest Peak in Newark lets you know you'll have a super-bad (i.e., good) time. Admission charge has become

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"the damage." "No sneakers, no packages" means low-life kids with "felony shoes"—Converse high-topped basketball shoes—should leave their bad attitudes and bottles of Ripple at home.

Having funneled out the undesirables and the kind of trendy white crowd that adopts a place and then leaves it a haven for adventuresome singles, the boogie joints have, in effect, pre-selected their clientele: 18–25 year-old black uplookers who have the $3–5 admission fee and who, more importantly, authenticate the styles that spread out of the ghetto and into the suburbs, where they are finally confirmed "hip." Somewhere else, Esalen-types are searching for "peak experience." At the Gallery, Alexander's, Nemo's and a dozen others, black kids are programming that experience, shuffling from one to the next, seeking their own level, determining which crowd is most congenial, which DJ knows best how to construct a succession of records that builds toward a climax, hits it, eases off, then comes on again, knocking you out but giving back enough energy to keep you going until at least 4 a.m.

The after-midnight crowd getting ready to party at the Le Joint (right) and the One Degree East (below).

When it's hot, it's legitimate *and* orgasmic, the kind of evening that makes you rush home and tell everyone you know about it.

With this kind of feeling going for it, once the clock passes midnight—when the evening is just getting started—and you've actually found your way to the door of a boogie joint, your white presence in a sea of blacks makes no difference at all. The owners are friendly and open and, as one says, "Money knows no color." Like the 50 people lined up behind you at the entrance to Alexander the Great, for example, you're only impatient to get upstairs and move with the feeling, no paranoia felt or expected.

And truly, it's like one of those R. Crumb visions of post-revolutionary brotherhood—the energy is so high, so tangible. The spine loosens faster than in Reichian therapy and you just can't help but find a groove in music this elemental. Lights slant crazily off the mirror ball overhead. Even the waiters shout, "Party!" as they carry trays of drinks across the room.

It's not, however, an outtake from some black exploitation film. For one thing, the much over-emphasized black fascination with clothing doesn't apply here. Oh, one would-be stud wears a velvet suit, with imitation leopard fur trim on his bell bottoms, jacket collar and hatband. And one brave dancer has girdled himself in pants that feature a six-inch bolero waistband. The rule, though, is the baggy-jean-and-tank-top look, for both men and women, with compulsory high-heeled shoes. These are not, one understands quickly, street-corner dandies looking to make a reputation on the sharpness of a crease. The high heels make dancing easier; the outfits reflect little but a desire to move freely. Because it's movement, not reference to culture heroes, that the boogie joint is about. If two girls wear satin blouses, floppy hats with feathers in the brim, it's not Diana Ross in *Lady Sings the Blues* they're emulating; it's self-expression, like another girl's home-sequined jeans and painted shoes. Nothing very trendy is revealed here. In fact, the number of men in window-pane checked suits suggests that not one guy in the crowd

will be tooling uptown in a custom-built Mark IV. Nope, this is where "the street and elite meet," where the communality of feeling is celebrated. If there's any reflection of sheer pride in the acquisition of "fine vines," it's the full-length leather coats with fur collars that some kids will be wearing on the dance floor; the idea is, if you can pull together the 200 bills that kind of coat goes for—or are fortunate enough to find one that "fell off a truck"—you'll wear the thing no matter how hot the room is getting as more and more people stream upstairs.

The DJ, set in a glass booth overlooking the action, hardly watches any of this, shifting instead some interior gear that tells him it's time for the first climax of the evening. A faintly manipulative smile, and he segues from "Corazon"—a little Latin in a swamp of soul—to the national anthem of the winter season, "Boogie Down," by former Temptation Eddie Kendricks.

"Pretty remarkable," says one club owner, " 'specially when you remember that this scene was supposed to have died last year"

Those who require a crash course in boogie could complete all the requirements at any college of musical knowledge by analyzing this number; it tells you all you need to know about the popularity of the black dance hall. For three and a half seemingly endless minutes, Kendricks sings the most restrained falsetto imaginable over bass piano, violins that start slow and build to a whine, trumpets that play circle figures, a female chorus in the distant background, heavily syncopated bongos, belches of synthesizer for emphasis and drums that inspire visions of a million marching dancers, doing a straight-ahead funky strut, stopping for nothing. It's a tightly controlled exercise, so well conceived that halfway through Kendricks reduces it all to the essentials—drums, bass guitar and his effortless run-through of the very thing you're doing: "goin' downtown, gonna mess around, oh, high, high, HIGH, boogie down." Whereupon, like an electric whip across the room, clenched fists shoot overhead, brothers and sisters grab hands, as the violins and trumpets return and the re-

lease—the total effect of a roomful of people corkscrewing and bumping as one—reaches cathartic proportions. Anywhere else it would be the sort of experience, the kind of song, that sends you reeling out into the street.

Only here, of course, no one leaves; the DJ turns the pressure on higher as the last drumbeat of "Boogie Down" fades and the second turntable starts the unrestrained desperation of Gladys Knight telling us how she's "Got to Use My Imagination," her voice holding nothing back as the bass guitar plays lead in front of tom-tom bass drums, weeping violins and trumpets flaring out into war-whoops. "Darkness all around me, blocking out the sun," Gladys cries, but it's the sound, not the meaning, that counts here. Now the better dancers move to the raised platforms, counter-bumping, working off the back beat, as the rest of us, drained and drenched, smile in happy exhaustion.

That anyone with a willingness to have a good time can actually *have* a good time is probably not as surprising as the notion that the boogie joints are remarkably trouble-free. People get "wrecked and ready" before they arrive, and it's rare to see someone light a joint or sneak some blow from a tin-foiled package. In the six months that Alexander the Great has been open, the management has had only one girl report a missing pocketbook—and that showed up, wallet intact, at her office the following Monday. The Third World Gallery, granddaddy of the scene after two years of uninterrupted business, replaces any coats missing from the checkroom; the owner has shelled out for exactly two. The manager of one club claims the loyalty of his patrons has been running so high "that when a guy comes in and wants to loud somebody, one of the regulars gets up and escorts him out." Even at the Third World Gallery, where bare loft walls and linoleum floors give you the feeling that the dances are just big house parties, an amazed owner still marvels at the way most dancers will leave the dance floor to snub out their cigarettes.

In a glum winter, when others wait for another shoe to drop in Washington, black kids are already shaking a leg

White music completely misses what's happening. As it gets ever more laid back, it clashes increasingly with the need people traditionally feel in bad times to get out and party. And as businesses go under, leaving commercial midtown depressed and deserted, the boogie joints can only proliferate. All at once, they capitalize on the enormous audience response to highly produced, processed R & B music, the psychological eagerness of the black dance crowd to hang out downtown and the possible bonus of adventuresome whites.

Already, expansion is in the air. Alexander the Great is showcasing Latin music on Wednesdays, will stage a play next month, a restaurant in the summer and maybe a branch in Washington later on. Club My Way is a firm beachhead in Brooklyn. The Corso, a Latin standby, is more packed than ever, and El Hippocampo is making a strong play in the Bronx. And uptown, Charles' Gallery on 125th Street wants to be the first quality restaurant-cum-disco of the "new Harlem." "Pretty remarkable," says the owner of one new entry, " 'specially when you remember that this scene was supposed to have died last year."

As long as the music thrives—and with Philadelphia rivaling Detroit as the capital of soul, competition can only sharpen talent—the ethnic dance hall will be the bottom-line midtown thrill. Although its near-universal blackness and midnight to dawn hours have given it a low profile, hip only in reference to itself, the concept of good times at low prices, of value received and good feeling freely given, should make it a relative fixture in the uncertain '70s. "Prosperity and progress through unity and brotherhood," as the motto of one place asserts, and the thought that such a radical hope could be realized through midnight boogie isn't nearly so farfetched as it first seems.

For dance is nothing if not a naked expression of personality, of what you are and how you feel about yourself. It speaks of the resolution you are reaching in your life of distinctly polar tendencies: boldness and withdrawal, assertive pride and modesty, sexuality and restraint. Dance—especially movement as gut-level and sensual as boogie—is, at bottom, one clue to a person's capacity to give love; a cynically hip government would subsidize boogie parlors throughout the ghetto.

The boogie joint, as always, is where it all hangs out. In that openness, in that willingness to be open, there is something remarkably encouraging. Certainly there's a refusal here to act out the old stereotypes. Don't blink, then, when the girl who's been pouring drinks reads from R.D. Laing's *Madness, Sanity and the Family* when she takes her break, or when partygoers, many of them no longer kids, speak unabashedly of "the sense of family" the dance halls provide. Considering the opportunity the boogie joint seems to offer for creative self-expression, for the working out of flash and strut through pleasure, it wouldn't be the most surprising turn of events to find that boogie will function in the future as meditation has for many in the recent past. In a glum winter, when others seem to be waiting for another shoe to drop in Washington, black kids are already shaking a leg—so much so that *Soul Train* host Don Cornelius is opening, in San Francisco, the first of what will be a chain of franchised boogie clubs: soul acts with a dance floor where the tables might have been. And to more than a few, the news that "Jungle Boogie" has gone from nowhere to 15 on the ABC chart after a week's exposure in the New York white market, and that it's already number 4 in England, is hot stuff, funky currency in an R&B Wall Street, where the advice to the would-be partygoer is always the same—Get *down*! ●

Winston

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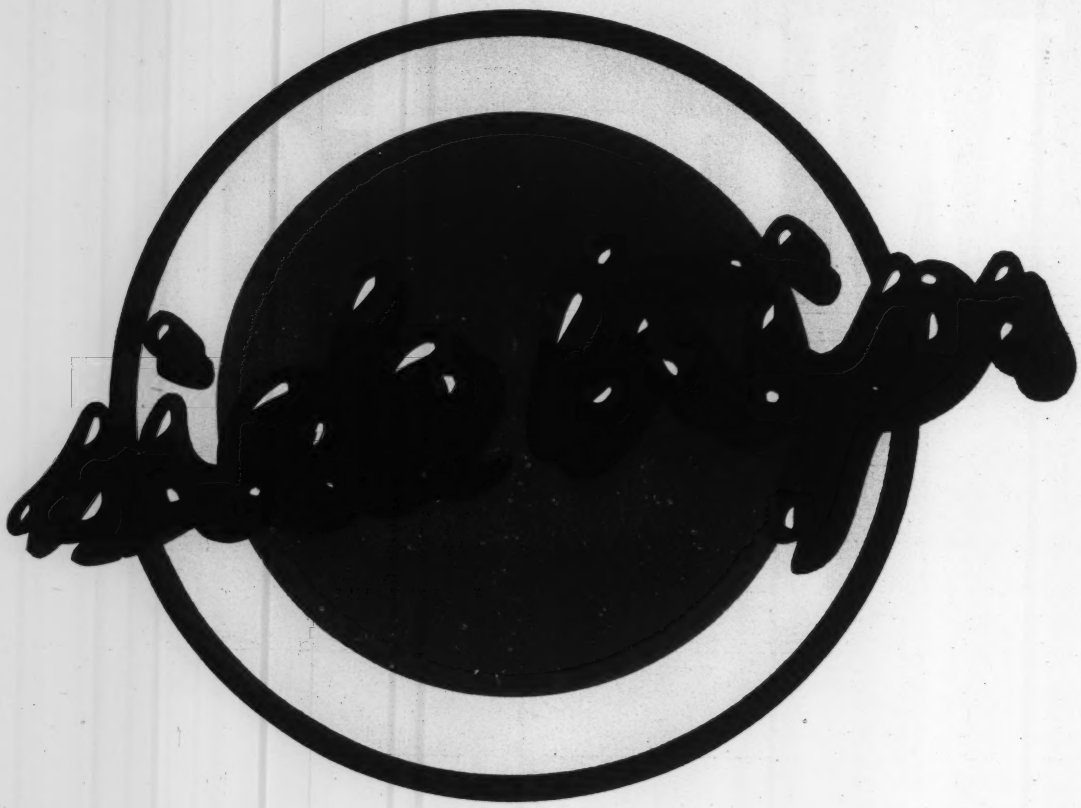


The Jim Kweskin jugular band

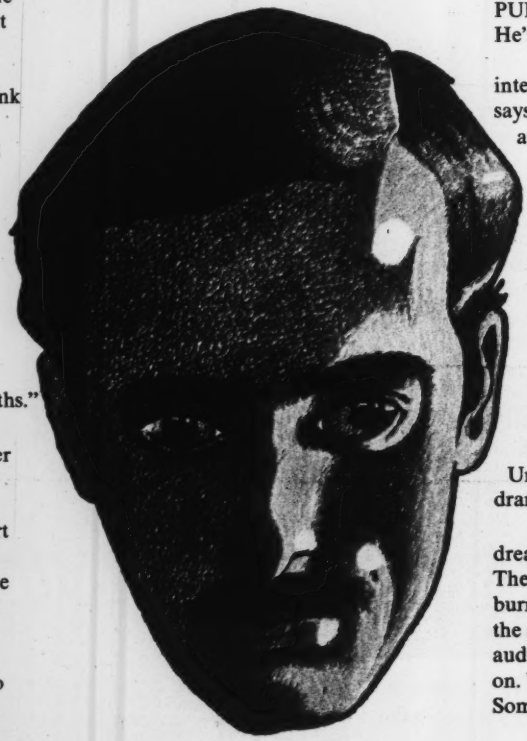
San Francisco, Calif.–"What do you think about this comet, huh?" Silence from the audience. "Do you think *anything* about it?" Silence. "You ought to, you know. The last time this comet came, Atlantis was destroyed." Silence. "Don't you think that's scary?"

"No, man," mutters a guy sitting near me. "I think *you're* scary."

Jim Kweskin doesn't hear him. Kweskin's been up there on stage for 10 minutes, and he hasn't played anything yet. He's been staring at the audience, idly tuning his guitar and doom-preaching like there's no tomorrow. In fact, that's just his point. "San Francisco's doomed," he notes solemnly. "I give it six months. Six months."

Jim Kweskin used to have a jug band, and the jug band had a harp player named Mel Lymon. One day Lymon decided that he was God and started a spiritual community in Boston called Fort Hill. The jug band broke up, Kweskin moved into the Lymon Family commune and now he's playing a solo gig at the Boarding House in San Francisco.

Kweskin leans down to whisper something to a black woman with a cello who's sitting at his feet. The audience drinks beer and wine, waiting uneasily. Kweskin starts strumming a slow, funereal tune, and the woman bows along lugubriously. Oh, no, "Blood On the Saddle." Kweskin bites into the song with ferocious relish: "There was . . . BLOOD on the saddle. And . . . BLOOD on the ground. And . . . GREAT . . . BIG . . . PUDDLES . . . of BLOOD all around." He's serious. He's definitely serious.



"You know, dreams are pretty interesting," Kweskin, strumming away, says to the audience. "Dreams can tell you a lot. The Bible has a lot of dreams in it. One time King David asked a friend of his to help him fight the Philistines, and his friend said no. Then King David had a dream in which his friend died. And do you know what?" Kweskin pauses dramatically. "He died. His friend died." Kweskin reaches down and picks up a Bible. "Here, I'll read it to you." And he proceeds to read the Bible story to the audience. After that, he sings "With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm." Very slowly, with dramatic cello accompaniment.

"Do you know what *I've* been dreaming about?" he asks. "Destruction. The cities are gonna fall, the air's gonna burn. You don't care, do you?" He's right, the audience doesn't care. In fact, the audience can hardly believe what's going on. Where is this guy *coming* from? Someone nearby stage-whispers, "Lymon

Family rule number one: it's good for you to feel bad."

Kweskin sings "Would You Like to Swing on a Star?" a childish morality lesson. It's excruciating. The horrible thing is that a few years back he could have done the same set, and it would have been *fun.* He follows up with "Sleepy Time Gal," a message-song about women cookin' and cleanin' and learnin' to love it.

Then he slogs into "Playmates," and a woman across the aisle mutters, "You know, there's a message here. If Mel Lymon can do this for Jim Kweskin, think what he can do for *you.*"

By Michael Goodwin

Frank Rizzo's kids never saw him naked

Philadelphia, Pa.—Little Tony Zecca, deputy mayor of Philadelphia, smiled and said no, that I couldn't talk to Mayor Frank Rizzo, not now, not ever. When he said it I was gaping at the mayor, trying desperately to catalog in my mind the disparate details about an insistently aggressive man, a virtuoso heavy, standing 20 feet away: size 12 shoes, spit-shined; blue suit. 50 long; white shirt, 19½-inch neck and dark blue tie with white polka dots. The suit, shirt and tie were custom-made.

He had comforted fear-stricken Philadelphians with gunsight pledges, assuring them that he was a thick blue line between law-abiding citizens and hostile blacks, that he was keeping the nation's fourth-largest city from becoming a predator-infested sinkhole. Then he put attack dogs on the subway and hurried home to a furball of affection, a six-pound Yorkshire terrier named Oliver who will not eat until the mayor arrives. When he was not calling his enemies yellow dogs, black bastards, queers, creeps, do-gooders and phony fakers, he was a metaphor for morality, telling the decent people: "I never saw my parents naked and my son and daughter have never seen me naked."

But now, Francis Lazzaro Rizzo, the unconstrained cop who later became police commissioner, then mayor, the man they used to call the Cisco Kid—the young policeman as Italo-American cowboy—was no longer making passionate proclamations. He stopped doing that shortly after flunking a lie-detector test last August. According to the results, he had lied about proffering a political bribe in a common hotel bathroom. Since the lie-box debacle, in self-enforced quietude and canny elusion of journalistic jackals, Rizzo has been busily engaged in a penitent campaign to mend fences and rehabilitate his image as tough cop and honest politician.

"The mayor does not have *time* to talk to you," Zecca said again. But I was not listening. I was staring at the mayor, who was standing in the hallway near his office on the second floor of City Hall. It was morning and he was knee-deep in black children, the closest he has been to that many black Americans outside of a police raid or a riot alert.

The 18 kids were from a government day-care center, Get-Set; they were being conducted on an educative tour of City Hall by five adults, four women and a man. The kids, all about three-feet high, were full of dormant flight. Ghetto mothers sometimes tell their children that Frank Rizzo will get them if they are not good. But the mayor was being faultlessly charming, and standing reassuringly nearby was a large black man, even larger than the broad-backed mayor. The black man, smiling serenely, was Tony Fulwood, the mayor's six-foot-six bodyguard.

As the Get-Setters moved down the hall, Zecca tactfully herded Rizzo back into the office of the mayor, an office where there used to be uncommon joy, high-spirited and full-blooded, ballsy camaraderie behind bulletproof windows. The mayor, his thick neck thrust forward, used to laugh at Zecca and shake his head and say, "You little prick." Fulwood would be there, of course, and the mayor would bellow, "Fulwood, I'm going to cut your pecker off!" It was a joke that began two years ago when the mayor, isolated by genial superiority and dizzy with euphoria, was walking down Broad Street, returning to City Hall after an excellent lunch. He was thinking of regal privileges but couldn't quite put them into words. Finally, he consulted Fulwood. "Tony," he asked, "what's the name of those guys that hang around kings . . . those oriental guys?" At first, Fulwood didn't understand. "You know, Tony," the mayor persisted. "The guys with their balls cut off."

"Eunuchs, Mr. Mayor," the bodyguard finally said.

"That's it!" the mayor laughed. "Eunuchs."

Two floors above the mayor's office Cecil Moore, black lawyer, one of the better criminal defense attorneys in town, came out of a courtroom. Moore, who helped get out the black vote for Republican Thacher Longstreth, Rizzo's mayoral opponent in 1971, laughed at mention of the mayor. "Rizzo's finished," he said happily. "Goin' after the niggers—that's the only way the motherfucker did it, the only appeal he had to the white folks. And now he's losing some of them. The lie detector finished that fool. He better take his pension. Probably have his ass in jail before his term is over."

Only one year ago a statewide telephone poll proclaimed the mayor to be a shoo-in for governor, on *either* ticket or as an independent. That same month the mayor was pictured in *Newsweek* with President Nixon, walking stride for stride, smiling and waving. The words beneath the picture said: "Philadelphia's Rizzo: In step with the President and looking ahead." Rizzo now would be content just to hear nothing of either the tests or Richard Nixon. And his formerly devoted backers are peddling $1,000 wristwatches for bargain prices, watches that read: "It's Time For Rizzo For Governor."

By Terence Sheridan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON

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With this kind of feeling going for it, once the clock passes midnight—when the evening is just getting started—and you've actually found your way to the door of a boogie joint, your white presence in a sea of blacks makes no difference at all. The owners are friendly and open and, as one says, "Money knows no color." Like the 50 people lined up behind you at the entrance to Alexander the Great, for example, you're only impatient to get upstairs and move with the feeling, no paranoia felt or expected.

And truly, it's like one of those R. Crumb visions of post-revolutionary brotherhood—the energy is so high, so tangible. The spine loosens faster than in Reichian therapy and you just can't help but find a groove in music this elemental. Lights slant crazily off the mirror ball overhead. Even the waiters shout, "Party!" as they carry trays of drinks across the room.

It's not, however, an outtake from some black exploitation film. For one thing, the much over-emphasized black fascination with clothing doesn't apply here. Oh, one would-be stud wears a velvet suit, with imitation leopard fur trim on his bell bottoms, jacket collar and hatband. And one brave dancer has girdled himself in pants that feature a six-inch bolero waistband. The rule, though, is the baggy-jean-and-tank-top look, for both men and women, with compulsory high-heeled shoes. These are not, one understands quickly, street-corner dandies looking to make a reputation on the sharpness of a crease. The high heels make dancing easier; the outfits reflect little but a desire to move freely. Because it's movement, not reference to culture heroes, that the boogie joint is about. If two girls wear satin blouses, floppy hats with feathers in the brim, it's not Diana Ross in *Lady Sings the Blues* they're emulating; it's self-expression, like another girl's home-sequined jeans and painted shoes. Nothing very trendy is revealed here. In fact, the number of men in window-pane checked suits suggests that not one guy in the crowd

will be tooling uptown in a custom-built Mark IV. Nope, this is where "the street and elite meet," where the communality of feeling is celebrated. If there's any reflection of sheer pride in the acquisition of "fine vines," it's the full-length leather coats with fur collars that some kids will be wearing on the dance floor; the idea is, if you can pull together the 200 bills that kind of coat goes for—or are fortunate enough to find one that "fell off a truck"—you'll wear the thing no matter how hot the room is getting as more and more people stream upstairs.

The DJ, set in a glass booth overlooking the action, hardly watches any of this, shifting instead some interior gear that tells him it's time for the first climax of the evening. A faintly manipulative smile, and he segues from "Corazon"—a little Latin in a swamp of soul—to the national anthem of the winter season, "Boogie Down," by former Temptation Eddie Kendricks.

"Pretty remarkable," says one club owner, " 'specially when you remember that this scene was supposed to have died last year"

Those who require a crash course in boogie could complete all the requirements at any college of musical knowledge by analyzing this number; it tells you all you need to know about the popularity of the black dance hall. For three and a half seemingly endless minutes, Kendricks sings the most restrained falsetto imaginable over bass piano, violins that start slow and build to a whine, trumpets that play circle figures, a female chorus in the distant background, heavily syncopated bongos, belches of synthesizer for emphasis and drums that inspire visions of a million marching dancers, doing a straight-ahead funky strut, stopping for nothing. It's a tightly controlled exercise, so well conceived that halfway through Kendricks reduces it all to the essentials—drums, bass guitar and his effortless run-through of the very thing you're doing: "goin' downtown, gonna mess around, oh, high, high, HIGH, boogie down." Whereupon, like an electric whip across the room, clenched fists shoot overhead, brothers and sisters grab hands, as the violins and trumpets return and the re-

lease—the total effect of a roomful of people corkscrewing and bumping as one—reaches cathartic proportions. Anywhere else it would be the sort of experience, the kind of song, that sends you reeling out into the street.

Only here, of course, no one leaves; the DJ turns the pressure on higher as the last drumbeat of "Boogie Down" fades and the second turntable starts the unrestrained desperation of Gladys Knight telling us how she's "Got to Use My Imagination," her voice holding nothing back as the bass guitar plays lead in front of tom-tom bass drums, weeping violins and trumpets flaring out into war-whoops. "Darkness all around me, blocking out the sun," Gladys cries, but it's the sound, not the meaning, that counts here. Now the better dancers move to the raised platforms, counter-bumping, working off the back beat, as the rest of us, drained and drenched, smile in happy exhaustion.

That anyone with a willingness to have a good time can actually *have* a good time is probably not as surprising as the notion that the boogie joints are remarkably trouble-free. People get "wrecked and ready" before they arrive, and it's rare to see someone light a joint or sneak some blow from a tin-foiled package. In the six months that Alexander the Great has been open, the management has had only one girl report a missing pocketbook—and that showed up, wallet intact, at her office the following Monday. The Third World Gallery, granddaddy of the scene after two years of uninterrupted business, replaces any coats missing from the checkroom; the owner has shelled out for exactly two. The manager of one club claims the loyalty of his patrons has been running so high "that when a guy comes in and wants to loud somebody, one of the regulars gets up and escorts him out." Even at the Third World Gallery, where bare loft walls and linoleum floors give you the feeling that the dances are just big house parties, an amazed owner still marvels at the way most dancers will leave the dance floor to snub out their cigarettes.

In a glum winter, when others wait for another shoe to drop in Washington, black kids are already shaking a leg

White music completely misses what's happening. As it gets ever more laid back, it clashes increasingly with the need people traditionally feel in bad times to get out and party. And as businesses go under, leaving commercial midtown depressed and deserted, the boogie joints can only proliferate. All at once, they capitalize on the enormous audience response to highly produced, processed R & B music, the psychological eagerness of the black dance crowd to hang out downtown and the possible bonus of adventuresome whites.

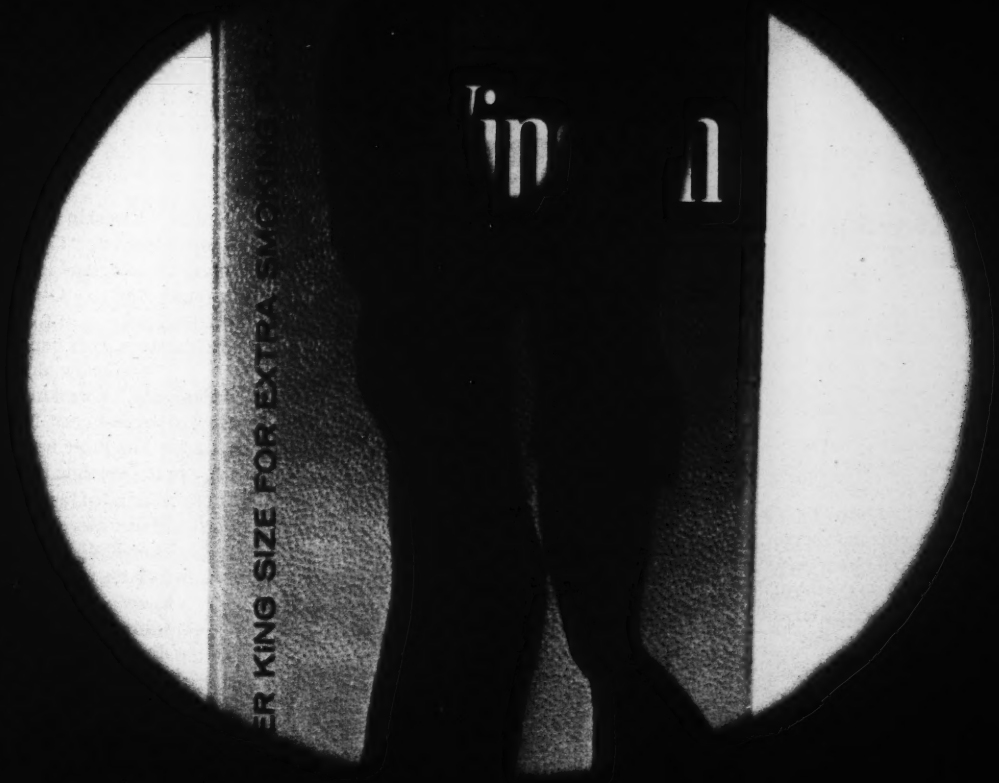
Already, expansion is in the air. Alexander the Great is showcasing Latin music on Wednesdays, will stage a play next month, a restaurant in the summer and maybe a branch in Washington later on. Club My Way is a firm beachhead in Brooklyn. The Corso, a Latin standby, is more packed than ever, and El Hippocampo is making a strong play in the Bronx. And uptown, Charles' Gallery on 125th Street wants to be the first quality restaurant-cum-disco of the "new Harlem." "Pretty remarkable," says the owner of one new entry, "'specially when you remember that this scene was supposed to have died last year."

As long as the music thrives—and with Philadelphia rivaling Detroit as the capital of soul, competition can only sharpen talent—the ethnic dance hall will be the bottom-line midtown thrill. Although its near-universal blackness and midnight to dawn hours have given it a low profile, hip only in reference to itself, the concept of good times at low prices, of value received and good feeling freely given, should make it a relative fixture in the uncertain '70s. "Prosperity and progress through unity and brotherhood," as the motto of one place asserts, and the thought that such a radical hope could be realized through midnight boogie isn't nearly so farfetched as it first seems.

For dance is nothing if not a naked expression of personality, of what you are and how you feel about yourself. It speaks of the resolution you are reaching in your life of distinctly polar tendencies: boldness and withdrawal, assertive pride and modesty, sexuality and restraint. Dance—especially movement as gut-level and sensual as boogie—is, at bottom, one clue to a person's capacity to give love; a cynically hip government would subsidize boogie parlors throughout the ghetto.

The boogie joint, as always, is where it all hangs out. In that openness, in that willingness to be open, there is something remarkably encouraging. Certainly there's a refusal here to act out the old stereotypes. Don't blink, then, when the girl who's been pouring drinks reads from R.D. Laing's *Madness, Sanity and the Family* when she takes her break, or when partygoers, many of them no longer kids, speak unabashedly of "the sense of family" the dance halls provide. Considering the opportunity the boogie joint seems to offer for creative self-expression, for the working out of flash and strut through pleasure, it wouldn't be the most surprising turn of events to find that boogie will function in the future as meditation has for many in the recent past. In a glum winter, when others seem to be waiting for another shoe to drop in Washington, black kids are already shaking a leg—so much so that *Soul Train* host Don Cornelius is opening, in San Francisco, the first of what will be a chain of franchised boogie clubs: soul acts with a dance floor where the tables might have been. And to more than a few, the news that "Jungle Boogie" has gone from nowhere to 15 on the ABC chart after a week's exposure in the New York white market, and that it's already number 4 in England, is hot stuff, funky currency in an R&B Wall Street, where the advice to the would-be partygoer is always the same—Get *down*! ●

Winston



tastes good like a cigarette should.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The Jim Kweskin jugular band

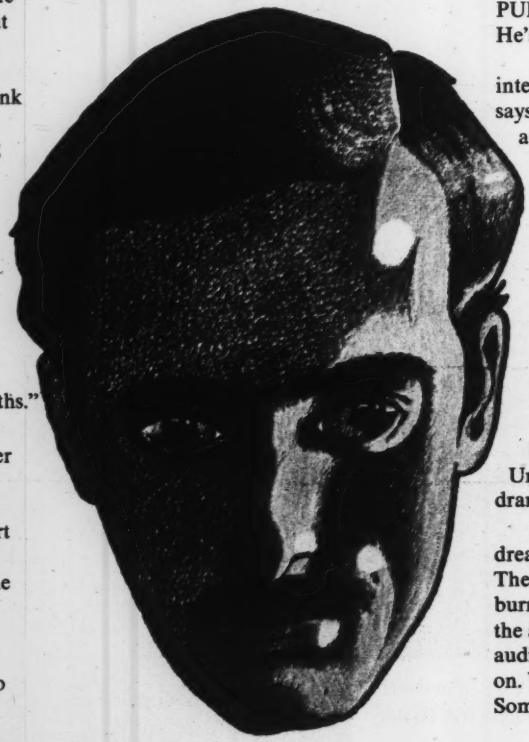
San Francisco, Calif.–"What do you think about this comet, huh?" Silence from the audience. "Do you think *anything* about it?" Silence. "You ought to, you know. The last time this comet came, Atlantis was destroyed." Silence. "Don't you think that's scary?"

"No, man," mutters a guy sitting near me. "I think *you're* scary."

Jim Kweskin doesn't hear him. Kweskin's been up there on stage for 10 minutes, and he hasn't played anything yet. He's been staring at the audience, idly tuning his guitar and doom-preaching like there's no tomorrow. In fact, that's just his point. "San Francisco's doomed," he notes solemnly. "I give it six months. Six months."

Jim Kweskin used to have a jug band, and the jug band had a harp player named Mel Lymon. One day Lymon decided that he was God and started a spiritual community in Boston called Fort Hill. The jug band broke up, Kweskin moved into the Lymon Family commune and now he's playing a solo gig at the Boarding House in San Francisco.

Kweskin leans down to whisper something to a black woman with a cello who's sitting at his feet. The audience drinks beer and wine, waiting uneasily. Kweskin starts strumming a slow, funereal tune, and the woman bows along lugubriously. Oh, no, "Blood On the Saddle." Kweskin bites into the song with ferocious relish: "There was . . . BLOOD on the saddle. And . . . BLOOD on the ground. And . . . GREAT . . . BIG . . . PUDDLES . . . of BLOOD all around." He's serious. He's definitely serious.



"You know, dreams are pretty interesting," Kweskin, strumming away, says to the audience. "Dreams can tell you a lot. The Bible has a lot of dreams in it. One time King David asked a friend of his to help him fight the Philistines, and his friend said no. Then King David had a dream in which his friend died. And do you know what?" Kweskin pauses dramatically. "He died. His friend died." Kweskin reaches down and picks up a Bible. "Here, I'll read it to you." And he proceeds to read the Bible story to the audience. After that, he sings "With Her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm." Very slowly, with dramatic cello accompaniment.

"Do you know what *I've* been dreaming about?" he asks. "Destruction. The cities are gonna fall, the air's gonna burn. You don't care, do you?" He's right, the audience doesn't care. In fact, the audience can hardly believe what's going on. Where is this guy *coming* from? Someone nearby stage-whispers, "Lymon

Family rule number one: it's good for you to feel bad."

Kweskin sings "Would You Like to Swing on a Star?" a childish morality lesson. It's excruciating. The horrible thing is that a few years back he could have done the same set, and it would have been *fun.* He follows up with "Sleepy Time Gal," a message-song about women cookin' and cleanin' and learnin' to love it.

Then he slogs into "Playmates," and a woman across the aisle mutters, "You know, there's a message here. If Mel Lymon can do this for Jim Kweskin, think what he can do for *you.*"

By Michael Goodwin

Frank Rizzo's kids never saw him naked

Philadelphia, Pa.—Little Tony Zecca, deputy mayor of Philadelphia, smiled and said no, that I couldn't talk to Mayor Frank Rizzo, not now, not ever. When he said it I was gaping at the mayor, trying desperately to catalog in my mind the disparate details about an insistently aggressive man, a virtuoso heavy, standing 20 feet away: size 12 shoes, spit-shined; blue suit, 50 long; white shirt, 19½-inch neck and dark blue tie with white polka dots. The suit, shirt and tie were custom-made.

He had comforted fear-stricken Philadelphians with gunsight pledges, assuring them that he was a thick blue line between law-abiding citizens and hostile blacks, that he was keeping the nation's fourth-largest city from becoming a predator-infested sinkhole. Then he put attack dogs on the subway and hurried home to a furball of affection, a six-pound Yorkshire terrier named Oliver who will not eat until the mayor arrives. When he was not calling his enemies yellow dogs, black bastards, queers, creeps, do-gooders and phony fakers, he was a metaphor for morality, telling the decent people: "I never saw my parents naked and my son and daughter have never seen me naked."

But now, Francis Lazzaro Rizzo, the unconstrained cop who later became police commissioner, then mayor, the man they used to call the Cisco Kid—the young policeman as Italo-American cowboy—was no longer making passionate proclamations. He stopped doing that shortly after flunking a lie-detector test last August. According to the results, he had lied about proffering a political bribe in a common hotel bathroom. Since the lie-box debacle, in self-enforced quietude and canny elusion of journalistic jackals, Rizzo has been busily engaged in a penitent campaign to mend fences and rehabilitate his image as tough cop and honest politician.

"The mayor does not have *time* to talk to you," Zecca said again. But I was not listening. I was staring at the mayor, who was standing in the hallway near his office on the second floor of City Hall. It was morning and he was knee-deep in black children, the closest he has been to that many black Americans outside of a police raid or a riot alert.

The 18 kids were from a government day-care center, Get-Set; they were being conducted on an educative tour of City Hall by five adults, four women and a man. The kids, all about three-feet high, were full of dormant flight. Ghetto mothers sometimes tell their children that Frank Rizzo will get them if they are not good. But the mayor was being faultlessly charming, and standing reassuringly nearby was a large black man, even larger than the broad-backed mayor. The black man, smiling serenely, was Tony Fulwood, the mayor's six-foot-six bodyguard.

As the Get-Setters moved down the hall, Zecca tactfully herded Rizzo back into the office of the mayor, an office where there used to be uncommon joy, high-spirited and full-blooded, ballsy camaraderie behind bulletproof windows. The mayor, his thick neck thrust forward, used to laugh at Zecca and shake his head and say, "You little prick." Fulwood would be there, of course, and the mayor would bellow, "Fulwood, I'm going to cut your pecker off!" It was a joke that began two years ago when the mayor, isolated by genial superiority and dizzy with euphoria, was walking down Broad Street, returning to City Hall after an excellent lunch. He was thinking of regal privileges but couldn't quite put them into words. Finally, he consulted Fulwood. "Tony," he asked, "what's the name of those guys that hang around kings . . . those oriental guys?" At first, Fulwood didn't understand. "You know, Tony," the mayor persisted. "The guys with their balls cut off."

"Eunuchs, Mr. Mayor," the bodyguard finally said.

"That's it!" the mayor laughed. "Eunuchs."

Two floors above the mayor's office Cecil Moore, black lawyer, one of the better criminal defense attorneys in town, came out of a courtroom. Moore, who helped get out the black vote for Republican Thacher Longstreth, Rizzo's mayoral opponent in 1971, laughed at mention of the mayor. "Rizzo's finished," he said happily. "Goin' after the niggers—that's the only way the motherfucker did it, the only appeal he had to the white folks. And now he's losing some of them. The lie detector finished that fool. He better take his pension. Probably have his ass in jail before his term is over."

Only one year ago a statewide telephone poll proclaimed the mayor to be a shoo-in for governor, on *either* ticket or as an independent. That same month the mayor was pictured in *Newsweek* with President Nixon, walking stride for stride, smiling and waving. The words beneath the picture said: "Philadelphia's Rizzo: In step with the President and looking ahead." Rizzo now would be content just to hear nothing of either the tests or Richard Nixon. And his formerly devoted backers are peddling $1,000 wristwatches for bargain prices, watches that read: "It's Time For Rizzo For Governor."

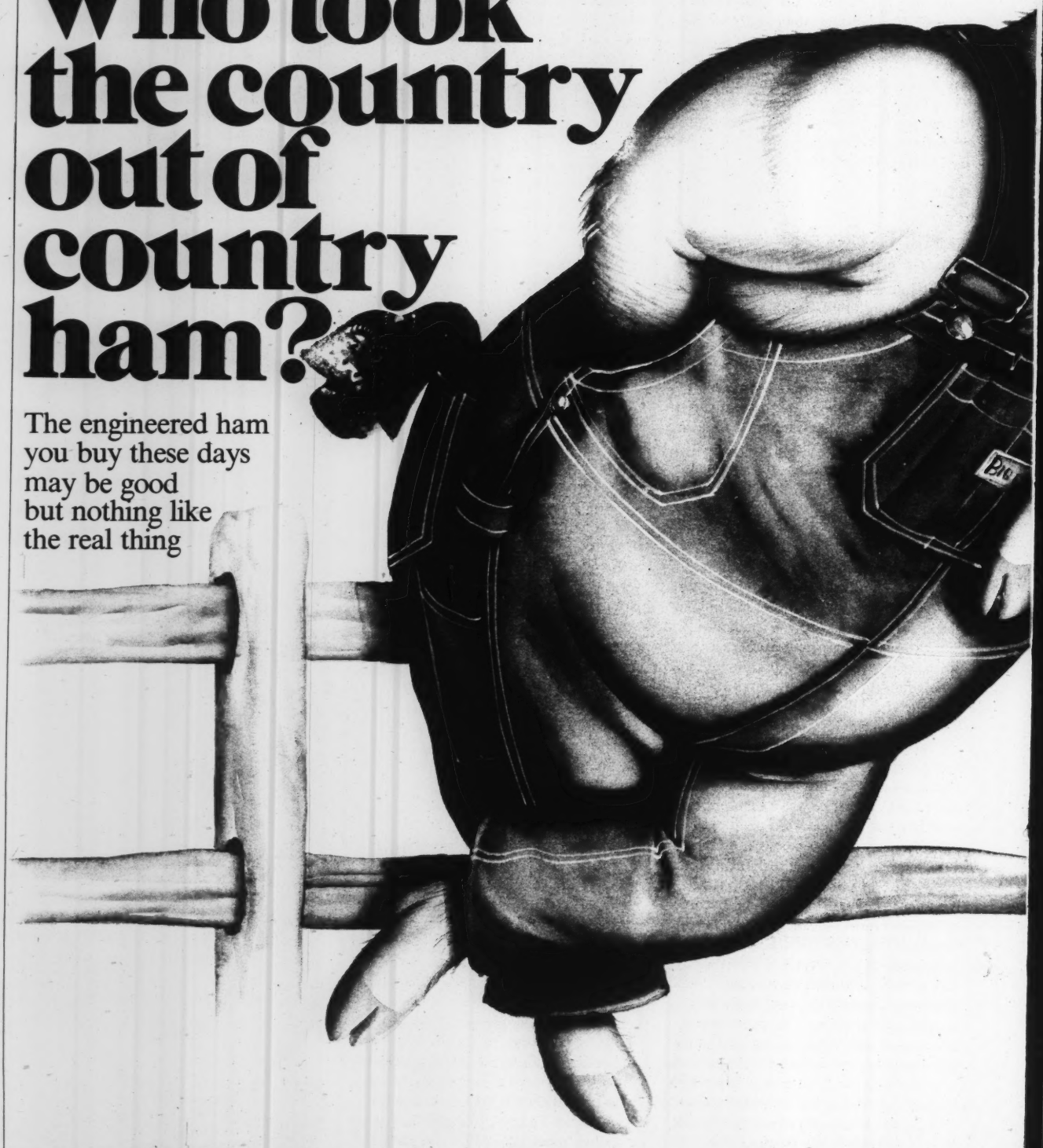
By Terence Sheridan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON

local color

Who took the country out of country ham?

The engineered ham you buy these days may be good but nothing like the real thing



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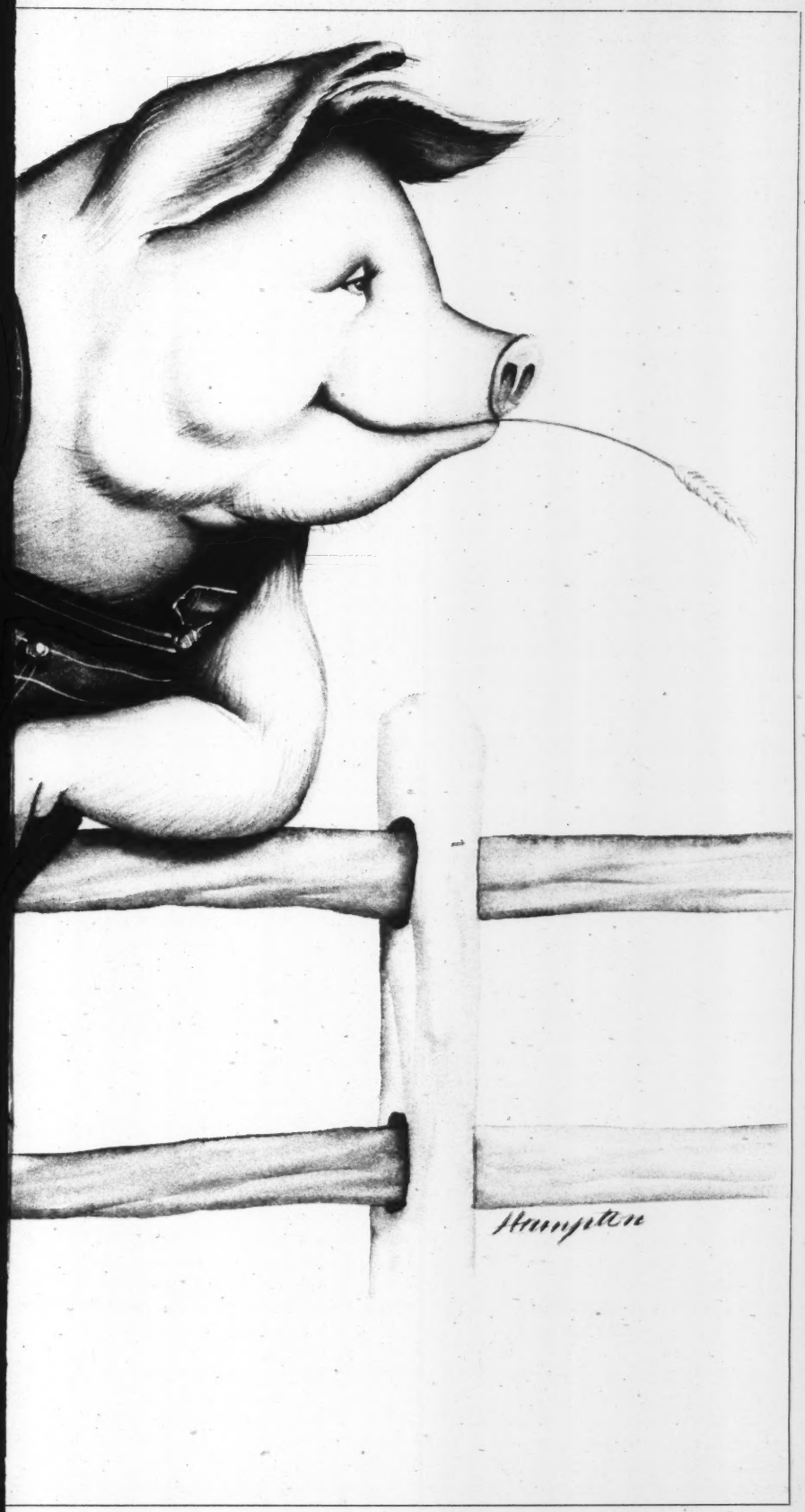

By John Bowers

Dr. William M. Roberts—in glasses, sparsely greying hair and a short-sleeved shirt with tie—remembers that when he first came to Raleigh in the 1940s the town's leading restaurant kept live chickens in the basement. When a customer ordered fried chicken, he could be assured that the hen had been killed only hours, perhaps minutes, before—chemical preservatives unthinkable, nothing frozen or picked from a cardboard bucket. That practice, he remembers a little wistfully, has long since died out. Too time consuming, took too much space, impractical. How was the chicken, though? "About the best I've ever eaten," he says, eyes turning briefly to the ceiling of his uncluttered, impersonal sun-bathed office.

Dr. Roberts is head of the Department of Food Science at North Carolina State University. The squat building in which it is housed has a heavy concrete rim, top and bottom, with neat red brick in the center—like a huge, unintentional sandwich. In the basement large Rube Goldberg-type contraptions—with hoses, valves, gauges, rubberized runways all over the place—clean, peel and shape potatoes, pulverize and then release a soybean mix that looks, feels and tastes (somewhat) like a steak. Here in a sparkling chromium setting, amidst test tubes and Bunsen burners, a ready-mixed peanut soup was recently devised that tastes a lot like potato soup and has 21 percent protein. And in clean, shiny, refrigerated lockers, rows of hams hang, being treated, tested and artificially "aged."

Country ham is now—thanks mainly to this Food Science Department—big business in North Carolina. About 100 million of them are sold each year, all weighing around 15 pounds, all wrapped similarly, all tasting pretty much the same. Frankly, they taste good, these hams, almost—but not quite—bordering on excellent. And you don't have to worry about the taste being too rancid, you need never fear that the dread skipper fly has embedded its larvae there. But the "controlled" curing method is a far cry from the way country ham used to be cured, and in the process something key has been lost.

John Bowers is at work on his second novel. His first, No More Reunions, *was published last spring.*

Food Sciences cut every corner in curing a ham. Nature's caprice and chance have been left out

In the old days in the mountains there was an almost mystic aura around the killing of a hog and the preservation of its meat. A farmer would wait for the right kind of moon in November, a time when the temperature fell to less than 50 degrees, before slaughtering the animal in the chill of the morning. The ham would then be buried in salt, sprinkled with sugar for mellowness and rubbed a bit with saltpeter (potassium nitrate) to bring out color. Into an unheated smokehouse it next went to allow the salt to penetrate about an inch into the meat—taking approximately a month—after which it was brushed free of all salt and strung up again. This time a fire was built in the center of the smokehouse, using the hardwood of the area (such as apple, oak or hickory), and the temperature was kept carefully at around 70 degrees. Then the ham glistened through the smoke, taking on flavor at this higher temperature but guarded from reaching 90 degrees, when spoilage would set in. After a few days of *this*, the ham was taken down once more and wrapped tightly in brown Kraft paper (to ward off the skipper flies), then placed in an old flour sack or burlap bag with cut-up newspapers at the bottom to catch any drippings. All that was left after that was proper aging—hanging in free, circulating air for a couple of years or so—what a farmer had determined would give it the utmost flavor.

So, in times past, a stranger to the mountains never knew exactly what shape a ham might be in that he saw hanging for sale along the road. It might weigh 40 or 30 or 15 pounds. One might taste rancid, be so salty that the purchaser's lips immediately puckered and turned dry. There was just no way for the untrained eye to come by spectacular, delectable country ham—except by luck. Then a man would sit down, possibly some morning at breakfast, to a thin slice of red meat edged in brown cripsy fat, a bone in the middle, a thin strong juice to the side known as red-eye gravy. The meat would be chewy, as flavorful as caviar, the red-eye gravy over the hot biscuits bringing tears of joy to his eyes. A little of the ham would go a long way.

In the cure method devised by the Food Science Department, every corner has been cut, chance and nature's caprice left out. You don't have to wait until the chill of November to butcher the hog thanks to man-made refrigeration. A thermostat can set the temperature at 70 degrees, and a knob can fix the humidity without relying on hardwood smoke in a primitive shed. Forget, too, please, all that business about the moon. Kraft wrapping paper? Not needed to ward off the skipper fly. The new method calls for hams to be fumigated for 24 hours with methyl bromide or cyanide gas. Sodium nitrite wards off botulism, and potassium or sodium nitrate is used (as before) for color. It takes about 90 days, start to finish, to cure a ham under this controlled method. And you don't even have to grow hogs in the environs. Most North Carolina hams come from slaughterhouses in the Midwest and are shipped to the Tar Heel State solely for curing. The curing plants are like other factories in the state, with hams of the same size being shifted around hydraulically in the curing process—like Coke bottles—in places the size of basketball courts. Stadler's—a leading North Carolina curer—sells about 750,000 hams a year.

The people who "re-engineered" ham and thought up other startling ways of fooling Mother Nature are not at all city-bred revolutionaries in white smocks. Nearly all those in the Food Science Department are ex-farm boys—raised behind teams of mules. Dr. Roberts remembers the hog-killing ritual on the farm he grew up on in west Tennessee. He recalls how everyone around got in on it and how the fresh sausage, bacon and country ham tasted. So far in the past, so distant, it's as if he's thinking about a foreign language he once knew. But if ham today doesn't quite have the old zing, is blander, and if Howard Johnson restaurants proliferate the highways and families depend on frozen and precooked foods, don't blame him or his outfit. "We're just part of the same society," he says. "People want to be fed where they are—in airplanes, on the road, at work. In large *blocks*. The old methods just can't handle it. The cost would be too high; you couldn't get the labor; people couldn't afford the time. We're not giving people anything they don't *want*."

John Christian, a long-time member of the staff, is another ex-farm boy. Grey-haired, burly, healthy-cheeked, he is the one who takes what's learned in the Food Science's laboratory out into Carolina's hinterlands to farmer and industry. He, in fact, converted the state's ham curers—against their will, in most part—from the traditional way to the controlled method. "Every one of them said a country ham wasn't any good until it was at least a year old," he says, in the accent of the Pennsylvania farm country where he grew up. "That was back in 1955, when they were all doing it the old way. Now an old-style country ham is as out of date as raw milk. Think how long it's been since you tasted raw milk."

It used to be that commercial

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curers had to wait a year or two to get back their investment from a batch of hams. No more, of course. And they are no longer in danger of losing them through spoilage. Christian has a good-natured but evangelistic manner, along with a quick array of facts and statistics at the ready to prove the worth of food "engineering." In 1955 there were 8 million country hams produced in North Carolina; now there are over 100 million. Many curers have become millionaires, too, mere country store owners with a sideline in hams when Christian first met them. (The number of curers has become concentrated, too, since 1955; there were 400 in the state then, only 56 now.)

Certainly John Christian does not let on that he thinks there is anything sacrosanct about the old-style country ham. "To say something is a *country* ham is a little misleading anyhow. What does it *mean*? Nothing technical is meant. All it could mean is that a ham comes from the country. What's that anyhow?"

In the Food Science building there is a special room, next to a laboratory-type kitchen, for food tasting. The light is filtered there, the air sources cleansed so that smell is practically eliminated. Food swings in view via a panel, much the way it works at Horn and Hardart. Suddenly, from nowhere, it's just there. And the Department uses professional food tasters (on the order of those who judge wine and coffee beans) as well as a cross-section of ordinary people who just know what they like. The Department wants to find out what appeals to the *broadest* spectrum, the finicky eater left to his own devices.

Dr. Mary K. Head has charge of the nutritional side of Food Science in the Department. An attractive, dark-haired woman, conservatively dressed, she helped work out the plan of feeding state prisoners in Carolina through a central system, all of them receiving the same type of meal on a particular day. Before the master menu went into effect, one jail might have had food that was poor in quality, another might have dished up too many carbohydrates or something. The only real suspicion was that plenty of beans were served. But now standardized food pouches go out to the jails from a central kitchen—the meal frozen or partially raw and waiting for further cooking. It has all been worked out scientifically by Dr. Head's team. And before any of the dishes went into the menu, Dr. Head ran a survey in the prisons, getting prisoner reaction. Since many could not read, the questionnaire presented pictures of faces showing reactions from smiley to downcast. A prisoner

would then check the face that best described his feeling about a particular food. Dr. Head also helped create the common menu for the public schools, much of the programming done through a computer. It wasn't easy—still isn't—to satisfy the whole gamut of children in the state with the same kind of meal.

Dr. Head is married and has children of her own. Away from work and master planning, she likes to cook at home strictly with uncanned vegetables, a fresh spinach salad her favorite. Dr. Roberts is a meat-and-potato man, not seeking out or caring about the fancy. (Most of the Food Science faculty are simple food eaters, it seems.) From all of his research and observation over the years, Dr. Roberts believes the one perfect food, the one most likely that a person could survive on by itself, is plain milk. It is by chance that while I talk to him a slight controversy is growing in the state over the introduction of a drink that tastes like milk but has had, among other innovations, the cholesterol removed. Dr. Roberts has had nothing to do with this product and is far from giving it a testimonial. In fact, he sees nothing wrong with most foods high in cholesterol anyhow. "Maybe medical doctors would disagree with me, but that's how I see it. The body has its own way of making cholesterol regardless of food."

"No matter what anyone tells you, a ham has just got to age over two years before it's any good"

One branch of Food Science is, without fanfare, working on substitute crops for tobacco. One strong possibility is the muscadine grape, something that is just right for North Carolina's soil and climate. But then it has to be considered that much of the state is deep in the Bible Belt and "dry." Tobacco is all right in the hills, alcohol is not (except on the sly). The Department has to cover a lot. It has tried to come up with a way of freezing the lobster found off Carolina's coast so that it can be sold and eaten out of season—but so far has missed the mark. It has saved a large part of the Delicious Red apple crop in Carolina from going to waste by—in professional lingo—"impregnating" the leftovers with citric acid, adding calcium and canning the result as an apple pie mix. Without this engineering the apple was only good for eating whole, not having enough texture and acidity for cooking.

At the end of this day there is a small party in the lobby of the Food Science building. A tasty, non-alcoholic punch is ladled out of a bowl, and little candies and cakes wait in symmetrical rows on tables. Everyone is friendly, extraordinarily nice, sipping away and taking tiny bites of food. I ask first Dr. Roberts and then John Christian where I might get some old-style country ham—just to compare it, you know, with the new, controlled product. Neither one knows, their faces taking on a distant, slightly amused quality. "Oh, you might find some back in the hills somewhere," John Christian says, "but you'd have to be pretty lucky."

It was not until I drove back to Johnson City, Tennessee—after crossing Mt. Mitchell, the highest point east of the Rockies in sleet and ice and eerie fog, after stopping at log cabins and dimly lit country stores and one-pump filling stations—back to where I had started from, that I found what I was looking for: real, honest-to-God country ham. Cowan Moss, someone I can remember in a high school ROTC uniform and now a doctor specializing in delivering babies, had just brought down for the Christmas season one of several country hams he keeps hanging in an open-air garage. He had boiled it gently for 30 minutes, let it cool in the water and then baked it briefly with cloves embedded in its fat. Standing and wielding a thin, flat knife like a scalpel, he cut delicate slivers of red meat and laid them on bread which his wife, Pat, had baked that day. He looked on expectantly as I swallowed my first bite. It would be impossible to accurately describe the taste—but it comes close to that of the best Nova Scotia lox that sells at over $2 a quarter pound. It had a good spicy scent, a soft delicate texture and a hearty lingering residue—like that from the finest anchovies. Another time Cowan might fry the ham or use it in seasoning—any number of ways. This particular ham had been aged over two years, having hung in a homemade, chicken coop-type contraption from a garage ceiling. In all kinds of weather it had hung there, through blizzards and summer heat, while a bird got in and built a nest against the lower chicken wire. "No matter what anyone tells you," Cowan says, "a ham has just got to age over two years before it's any good."

He learned the tricks of real country ham from his grandfather and will hopefully pass the knowledge on to his own children and future grandchildren. He knows the fine points of selecting ham, aging it and finally preparing and serving it. No one's about to change his mind on anything connected with it. But since he doesn't keep hogs at his place in town, how does he come by the meat?

"Well, there is this man in Butler. He is the only one I know. His name is Courtner . . . ."

Now, I am sliding—ever so gently—around hairpin curves on the way up to Butler. Obviously, only someone crazed for country ham would attempt this mountain road on such a snowy and ice-encrusted day. (*Old* Butler was once in the

valley, but then TVA came along, built Watauga Dam and put the whole works underwater – Main Street, movies, banks and all. The townspeople simply pulled up stakes and built a new settlement up the mountain, calling it at first New Butler but then dropping the "New.")

As I reach the crest of the mountain before Butler, an old pick-up truck comes the other way, losing– on the turn–one of its wheels. Sparks shower the air as the axle drops and the wheel miraculously jumps my hood. I witness a man's concerned and terrified face for a split second and then he is gone. Hopefully, he can stop before he reaches Johnson City. I can't turn around.

In Butler I find a whitewashed, cinderblock building with a sign that simply says, "Ham," accompanied by a graphic blood-red drawing of one. Inside, Mr. Courtner–bald, fragile-looking, in shirt sleeves with suspenders–comes to take my order. Around a Franklin stove in the corner two good old boys in faded overalls warm their backsides and beam my way. Certainly he has a ham that should fit my needs–one that weighs around 16 pounds and has been aged over a year. He takes me into a cool, but unrefrigerated, room and draws it down from a stack. He takes an ice pick and jabs it near the bone. I smell the tip: a flavorsome, hearty scent, nothing rancid.

Now all that's left is for me to age this ham on my own for a couple of years and I should get an approximation of what Cowan Moss had served. This ham is wrapped in Kraft paper and is covered by plain white cloth. Is he the only one curing ham the old way these days?

"Well, I know of one other place over in Carolina. But there's just the two of us left as far as I know."

What's kept him using the old ways when all the other curers have changed?

"Don't know, except that I'm 82. If I was younger, I'd probably do it the new way to make more money. But these days my future is behind me."

Does someone have to come to Butler or does he mail hams?

"Oh, I'll mail them if I *have* to, but I don't like it. Too much thievery these days, particularly anything routed through Washington, D.C. . . ."

I sling the ham over my shoulder and cart it to my Hertz U-Drive-It. And today, in the depths of Manhattan, a real country ham–untouched by thermostat, air-conditioner or cyanide gas–swings in free air from a fire escape. And I'll tell you this. A couple of Thanksgivings from now–God and footpads willing–someone's going to have something the way Mother Nature intended. ●

The story behind the 'Blowin' in the Wind' story

Lorre Wyatt tells how his stars and Bob Dylan's got so crossed

Bob Dylan has always been pursued by rumors, rumors about using other people's material and rumors about using other people, period. None was as persistent as the rumor that Dylan had not written "Blowin' in the Wind," the song he is most closely identified with. In the fall of 1963 *Newsweek* magazine suggested that "Blowin' in the Wind" had instead been written by a Millburn, N.J., high school student named Lorre Wyatt and sold to Dylan. A few weeks later the *Daily Princetonian* reported the price tag on the sale was $1,000. Dylan denied the rumor but to no avail.

Over the years it has surfaced in publications such as the *Saturday Evening Post, Ramparts* and the Chicago *Daily News,* in addition to the folk magazines *Sing Out!, Broadside* and the *Little Sandy Review*. Said the *Sandy Review*, "The big question in folk music circles these days: Who wrote 'Blowin' in the Wind,' Bob Dylan or some high school student in New Jersey?"

Most recently the question was raised by NEW TIMES. In the February 22 issue NEW TIMES ran a quote from a 1962 story in the Millburn High School newspaper, which was replete with details not only about how Wyatt wrote the song but how he had donated the money to CARE. Shortly after the story ran, Wyatt came to NEW TIMES and volunteered to write the real story about "Blowin' in the Wind." His story:

Late spring of 1960 was a perplexing time—ninth grade and my mother had died. At an assembly the Millburnaires—a perennial octet from Millburn High—sat on the edge of the stage and sang "Greenfields." I listened intently. The sense of loss expressed was something I had been afraid to face, and the lonesome lyrics soothed me.

That summer I worked at one of those warm milk and fig newton day camps, where I excitedly discovered folksongs. Each song was a miniature play which flew me places I'd never known.

During the next year I was inseparable from my record player. I taped Izzy Young's Folk Show on BAI (and later discovered one of the people I heard was Dylan). By spring, my fingers were screaming that they HAD to have a guitar! My father rented a cheapie to test my interest.

In September no question remained. I proudly purchased my first Martin. I cleaned my ears out, hung around with friends who had guitars and became a folk sponge.

In January, 1962, I subscribed to *Sing Out!* but the notes of the songs they printed were a roller coaster I couldn't ride. When I found a song that looked good, I'd strum the chords, and when the notes jumped up, I'd jump up, hoping that I'd landed somewhere near the target. I came up with some pretty weird tunes!

That summer I went from the difficult distance between the G and the C chord to my first fluid guitar runs. I was pleased—and my father was relieved.

September 7, 1962. The Millburnaires audition.

September 16. Ecstatic over making it, I raced to my first rehearsal overflowing with song suggestions like "Dona, Dona" and "500 Miles."

October 1st. I remember lying on my lumpy daybed listening to the radio after school. The inane strains of "Sherry" and "Monster Mash" mixed with giggly ads for cherry-flavored pimple creams were broken by the news of James Meredith's turbulent attempt to enroll in the University of Mississippi. That night I tried to express my growing frustration in a song, but it never made it past my wastebasket.

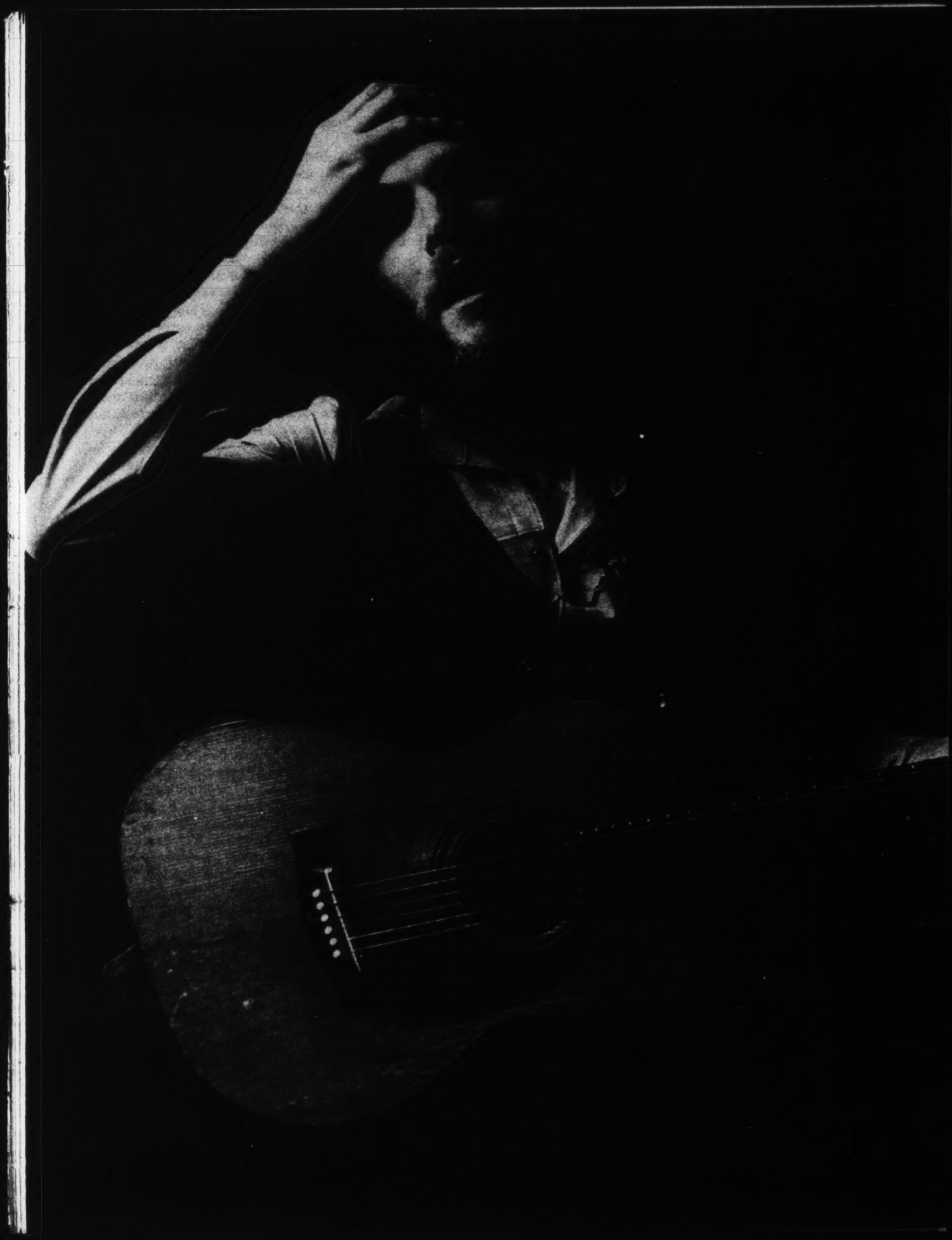
Several Weeks Later. I thumbed through the new issue of *Sing Out!* It was seeded with protest songs which rekindled my songwriting desires. The ideas of one song in particular had an unavoidable impact. They agitated my head, and I made valiant attempts to find my own words. I scribbled feverishly at my heavy blond desk, pressed by the upcoming Millburnaires rehearsal. But the original words kept looking better and better, and I couldn't resist trying to piece together the tune.

October 28th. The eight of us were sitting around Don Larsen's beige-carpeted living room swapping songs. In my pocket were two sets of words—the original and the song I had hoped would grow out of it.

My mind seesawed nervously back and forth between them. Mine wasn't finished, and that song was *so* good. Maybe I could sing it and not say anything and they'd think I wrote it and be impressed. If they said, "Let's sing that sometime," that'd be OK. I'd finish my song by then, and they probably wouldn't remember the original.

Someone said, "Anybody got a song?"

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS



I fumbled with the papers. "Yeah, here's one." My hands formed a shakey D chord, and a distant voice began, "How many roads. . ."

Unexpected silence as I finished. I looked up. "WOW!" "Where'd you get that?" Another unexpected silence. "Did you *write* that?" (I felt Jupiter do a cartwheel around my ascendent, and Neptune rising said, "Why not, nothing will ever come of it. . . .")

"Yes." A rush in my brain as the chasm between the simple and the horribly surreal complex ended and began my life that moment.

"Hey, we *gotta* do that! . . . We could learn it for *Thanksgiving*!!!"

"No-no—we can't—it's not done yet!"

November 15, 1962. Thanksgiving Assembly. The ONE time we would do the song. My strictest instructions to everyone were not to mention who wrote it, so when Don circumvented that by saying, "Here's a song written by one of the Millburnaires," I felt an icy dizziness. We sang, accompanied by my heart.

At the end of assembly, people streamed backstage. The wheels of karma kept turning and grinding, and somewhere the answer slipped out. I became *adamant* that we would never sing the song again. My head was swirling.

The Next Monday. My homeroom teacher asked to see me after school for a "just between you and me" chat. She wondered why I didn't want to sing the song anymore. I pulled out the answer I had been toying with all weekend, and told her I had sold it. But nothing would abate her curiosity. When she asked, "For how much?" I blurted out $1,000. Her surprise led me to quickly add I had given it away, and "Where?" became "CARE."

I'd begun to make Pinnochio look like he had a pug nose.

Day Before Thanksgiving Vacation. Homeroom, post flag salute. Mrs B. smiled. "Class I have something wonderful to tell you. . . ." I realized that in a rush of holiday fervor, Mrs. B. was about to spill the beans. My panic could not prevent the flowing eulogy. I was about to be canonized.

But it felt more like being crucified.

December 19th. The *Miller* featured a headline interview with the new Poet *Lorre*ate of M.H.S. I'd told them the song had been inspired by Steve Oxman's welcoming assembly speech in *September.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICIA GREENE

Lorre Wyatt and Pete Seeger performing for the environmental sloop *Clearwater.*

(Had the lie been planned, I would not have created such an implausible chronology! Dylan held the copyright months before I'd "written" the song.)

Christmas Vacation. The other Millburnaires pressed to know who I had sold the song to. (How the hell do you pronounce D-Y-L-A-N?) They remember me saying: "Well he doesn't really pronounce it Dillon or Dielan. Sort of somewhere in between. He talks kinda funny." (This was accepted because at the time Dylan was a virtual unknown.)

While Dylan was taking a flight to Italy to find Suze, I was taking a #70 bus to Newark to find his record. My initial reaction was relief! "Wind" wasn't on it, and he sounded like a loser. Annoyance took over—$2.79 for *this*? I returned it to Bamburger's and told the clerk something was wrong with it. He listened to half a cut. "Yeah, I see what you mean."

January 10, 1963. On the way to school, a friend jubilantly told me "my" song had been played on the radio. I feigned nonchalance (while munching on my Adam's apple), and told him I already knew. A few days later when I heard the Chad Mitchell Trio's version I was surprised—the *tune* was different from mine! (I thought *they* had changed it.)

February 28. The high school proudly quoted the Trio's record company as saying, "Lorre has created a truly beautiful ballad. . . it has a greater meaning and a richer melody than most of today's popular rock and roll tunes."

March. The Chad Mitchell Trio single went nowhere. Whew!

April 8. Millburnaires first recording session. We lay down an LP, *A Time to Sing* (a momento record of 800 copies). The song had become the feature part of our repertoire and the group insisted it be on the record. My name appeared on three cuts: a love song I had written, a peace song I'd set a new tune to (and implied that I'd written) and "Wind." The poet/genius image I had acquired needed the nourishment of new creations, but I was now terrified of composing. I'd set an impossibly high standard; I needed to be able to fail, but had lied away that luxury. So a couple of times during the year I "borrowed" some creations.

Mid-May. Insomnia. Couldn't sleep in the bed I'd made. I still had no idea of what Dylan was to become and harbored the naive hope that graduation would close the door on the whole incident. Burgeoning paranoia made me more aloof and secretive. Recurring nightmares about what might happen if the rumor got to Dylan.

June 5. Wrote a letter to *Broadside* magazine (which was publishing Dylan's

protest songs). I fabricated a story that people were mistaking a song I wrote entitled "Freedom Is Blowing in the Wind" for Dylan's. I hoped the letter would be shown to Dylan.

July 6. The New York *Times* reports that "The recording of 'Blowin' in the Wind' by Peter, Paul and Mary has been called the fastest-selling single in the history of Warner Brothers Records. (This has *gotta* be a movie!) The indignation of those who thought they knew the true story grew. I lived in terror that the *true* story would surface. And I learned to compromise with my cowardice.

Early September. The rumor spread like a brushfire as 300 golden knights went galloping out over the country and into the campuses upholding the banner which read, "dylan'sacrookwyattgottook!" They had the evidence.

I found no relief at college—the rumor had arrived before I did. (I'm surprised the biology department didn't invite me to conduct a course for flies entitled "How to Weave Your Own Spider Web." Advanced students only.)

Mid-September. Exasperation at the endless questions led me to take a chance on saying, "No, I didn't write it—it's all a mistake." (I still couldn't bring myself to say, "I lied.") But for every "NO" I tossed out, handfuls of "What-do-you-means?" came back, causing deeper anxiety. I retreated again.

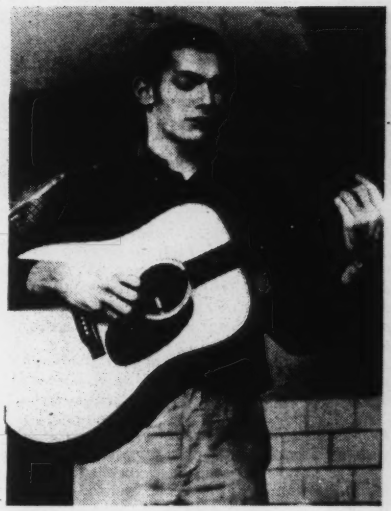
Late September. Our LP was released nationally by Riverside Records. They urged me to make a solo album.

Early October. Invariably, the dorm phone seemed to be for me. "I'm so and so from the Rhode Island *Daily Rumor* and. . .?" "No Comment."

October 21, 22 & 23. A researcher from *Newsweek* called persistently, hammering on the disquieting questions. Finally, in desperation, I stepped into the unforeseen and denied authorship of the song. But the kite I had let out in the wind went wild, and there was no pulling it in.

October 28. I grabbed *Newsweek* the instant it hit the stands and plowed apprehensively through the revelations that Dylan had been diploma'd and bar mitzvahed to ". . . a rumor circulating that Dylan did not write "Blowin' in the Wind,' that it was written by a Millburn (N.J.) high school student named Lorre Wyatt, who sold it to the singer. Dylan says he did write the song and Wyatt denies authorship, but several Millburn students claim they heard the song from Wyatt before Dylan ever sang it." (I felt simultaneously like a petrified matzoh and an overcooked egg noodle.)

Early November. I was bombarded with requests by the media, ranging from magazine interviews to a singing appearance on the *Johnny Carson Show.* They said, "Hello!"—I said, "NO." The song was a musical albatross: it brought me a feast—but my guilt gave me lockjaw.



1962 was a big year for both young Lorre Wyatt (left) and young Bobby Dylan.

November 17. Received a letter from another Millburnaire at Princeton, reporting Dylan's only comment at the concert was, "There ain't no truth in these rumors."

Late March, 1964. One of many 3 a.m. visits to the deserted dorm lounge, lugging my old Webcor tape recorder. Working on songs I would never dare show anyone.

I lived in terror that the true story would surface. And I learned to compromise with my cowardice

Spring, 1964. I sang at basement church coffeehouses—candled chianti bottles and folding chairs. Performances always sprinkled with requests for "Wind." (Do they know?) Intermissions crowded with fervent discussors of social injustice who awaited my apocalyptic word. As demand for the suspected secret prophet increased, I sang less and less.

Spring, 1968. After being in musical hibernation, I picked up a new pen and began writing. The songs were good, and my trepidations about singing them were erased by appreciative audiences. Yet always the uneasiness—were they still waiting for a "Wind" to arise?

Spring, 1972. My therapist listened in amazement as I unraveled the tale of how I picked, by chance, the song that was to become the crowning expression of the "we shall overcome" era. She remarked supportively, "Well, at least you had good taste."

The coat of fakelore I stitched years ago is threadbare now—it never fit me very well. And I don't need it anymore. Now is the time to pay the piper.

With many people angry at what they view as Dylan's recent metamorphosis from Poet-Prophet to Profit-Poet, the dust of rumors is flying again. It is important that the insidious footnote to Dylan's words which still remains in the minds of many be erased. The only responsible way to delete that footnote is to make the *whole* story in *my* words available to everyone. Word of mouth denials would breed as many distortions of the truth as they did of the lie.

I'm just sorry it's taken me 11 years to say, "I'm sorry."

"How soon the snowball grew beyond my strength" reads the aphorism on the door. But how does one unroll a snowball? For years I hid it in the shadows, but now I know the only way to melt it is to place it in the sun.

Over the years I've had a recurring fantasy. It's October, 1962. I shuffle through the leaves over to Don's house humming "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" We sit around the living room. Someone says, "Well Lor, got any songs?" And I say, "Gee, I can't think of a one." ●

A singer/songwriter and ex-plagiarist, Lorre Wyatt will soon be recording his first solo album.

MOVIES

By Frank Rich

Steaming up over *Superdad*

I don't mind admitting that it was sheer perversion and nothing else that led me, on a recent Saturday night, to take myself and five friends to Radio City Music Hall to see **Superdad,** the Disney studios' latest "G" family comedy. After all, as Superdad himself might put it, no other explanation will wash. I can't claim I went to this film out of any sense of job or duty, because I am under no obligation to review *Superdad*, much less see it, and, as far as I know, no national publication outside of those dispensed at supermarkets has given the movie more than 20 lines of type. Good or bad, *Superdad* is not the kind of thing that anybody with the exception of Disney stockholders should lose sleep over; in any well-adjusted American's order of priorities, to see or not to see *Superdad* must rank well below such concerns as choosing an underarm deodorant or deciding when the time has come to take out the garbage. But I've never claimed to be well-adjusted, and I did lose sleep over *Superdad*. Hell—and here's where the perversion comes in—I even had erotic fantasies about it.

The trouble began on Monday, at the very beginning of the week that was to climax with my nocturnal Saturday visit to the "showplace of the nation." Monday was the day that the the second issue of *The National Star*, an Australian publisher's somewhat corny answer to *The National Enquirer*, hit the stands. I plunked down my quarter before a blind newspaper hawker, then took the tabloid with me to a burger joint and spread it out before me, all the better to flip through its busy pages. At first, nothing captured my jaundiced eye. I went past the story of a young millionaire and his keys to success, past the main feature ("Kill City USA"—which turned out to be a recitation of Detroit's madcap crime statistics), past Dear Aunt Meg's lovelorn column "with a heart". . . past it all to page 41, where, under the breathless headline "SUPERDAD!" there appeared the following prose:

Can an establishment dad leap the generation gap by becoming one of the boys? Can a middle-class father single-handedly save his daughter from the hippie life?

He can if he's Bob Crane, the hapless dad of a new Walt Disney comedy called Superdad. *But even Crane, best known as the unflappable Col. Hogan of TV's* Hogan's Heroes, *admits it isn't easy.*

"It's the most physical part I've ever played," said Crane of the movie which has just opened at New York's Radio City Music Hall.

"I play a busy lawyer who trys (sic) to keep his daughter at home by involving himself with her friends.

"Naturally, the kids don't want me hanging around. They call me Superdad behind my back.

"Finally when I try to break up my daughter's romance with the boy next door, she goes off to San Francisco where she gets engaged to a hippie artist.

"I rush up there to rescue her and have a few more misadventures. But there is a happy ending. . . ."

Superdaughter Wendy (Kathleen Cody) reunited at last with the boy next door (Kurt Russell) in Disney's latest.

Although Mr. Crane sounded suspiciously like a press release, his spare, well-chosen *bon mots* spoke to something buried deep inside me. If the truth be told, my only and immediate reaction was one of lustful sensations.

While there are steps in between (best saved for more clinical surroundings), the ultimate connection between Mr. Crane's statement and my libido traced back to a number of dim-witted family entertainments of the late '50s and early '60s, my immediate pre-teen years. Born too late for Marilyn Monroe in her prime, I, along with my sixth and seventh grade peers, had to use the most errant "clean-minded" Hollywood product as fodder for my first illicit sexual machinations and salivations. On those proverbial Saturday afternoons at the neighborhood popcorn palace, we'd swoon for Hayley Mills in *The Parent Trap*, for Lauri Peters in *Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation*, for Jane Fonda in *Tall Story* . . . and, yes, for certain choice Mouseketeers who turned up here and there, along with the sun and sand, in beach-party epics.

Annette Funicello, Jane Fonda and I all probably have higher consciousnesses now. In those days, sexism was having its greatest and most crushing heyday: women were not only considered to be sexual objects, but—unlike the WWII-spawned pin-up era of a Betty Grable— women were even denied the status of sexual beings. The country was so sleepy in the late Eisenhower years that lascivious thoughts of a Jayne Mansfield or Gina Lollobrigida almost required too much effort to be contemplated. The true, safe American dream-girl was a pimple-less, WASP-y type of modest physical means who might drive you crazy while you dreamed of sliding into second base. The media churned out blank untouchables (Annette for us, Doris Day for the older folks) who were meant to be sexier dressed than undressed—virgins who wouldn't have it any other way, if they even knew there was another way.

The country has, thank God, moved beyond that stretch of national puberty, but for those of us who came of age during that transitional era which closed with the advent of the Kennedy-007 style, a certain legacy persists. Though I have since lived through *Deep Throat* and the entire *oeuvre* of Russ Meyer, no other movies—hard core, soft or "R" rated—have ever induced anything like the sexual torpor brought on by those innocuous and largely crummy pictures with which I whiled away my youth. I still have the impression, mistaken as it may be, that the best porn is that which leaves something to the imagination . . . or, better still, *everything* to

the imagination. And who, in these worldly '70s, would dare leave everything to the imagination anymore if it isn't Walt Disney's heirs? At a time when even Ross Hunter wouldn't waste a dime on a *Mr. Hobbs*, might not the Disney machine still be turning out *Parent Traps*?

"Finally when I try to break up my daughter's romance with the boy next door, she goes off to San Francisco where she gets engaged to a hippie artist. I rush up there to rescue her . . ." Here, then, was the crux of the matter as I sat there on Monday with my *Star*-crossed hamburger: If a girl gets engaged to "a hippie artist"—and we know damn well what those Disney people think of "hippie artists"—and things get so bad her father has to go rescue her and bring her back to the "boy next door" he had formerly despised, isn't the implication, Mr. Crane, that your rescue mission springs from the fear that your daughter just may, somewhere off-screen, some place where nice people would never go, be giving that "hippie artist" some head?

For the rest of the week those central remarks of *Superdad*'s star hung in my mind; I couldn't let them go. My imaginative extrapolations of the events he described got kinkier and kinkier; I foisted my personal visions on friends and strangers. By Saturday night I had psyched up five people enough to get them to follow me uptown to that once glittering mecca of our national cultural life, with the delirious, monomaniacal hope that together we might get off on *Superdad*. By the time we got to Radio City, I was so convinced that I could be excited by the vaguest hint of a pubescent Disney ingenue engaging in hanky-panky off-screen that, if minds could be policed, the lobby cops would have been within their rights to arrest me on a morals charge.

Unlike *Superdad*, my story does not have a happy ending, and I shall not dwell on it long, for it is painful. Not only am I older now but, as it turned out, good old Walt is, as reports have indicated, truly dead. *Superdad* lacks the Disney touch, as lecherous as that touch might have been; the days of *The Parent Trap* and shaggy dogs and absent-minded professors with scrumptious daughters are gone forever. All that is left is the plastic and the merchandising, and, more than anything else, the movie is a collection of plugs for consumer products that at times tend to push even the characters off the screen.

This would be okay, of course, were *Superdad* to fit the warped bill on other counts. The film does succeed, it is true, in allowing the viewer room for obscene speculations as to what an innocent blond 17-year-old might be doing in San Francisco with "a hippie artist"; not only is there not the vaguest hint of sex, but the "hippie" and his intended never even have a scene together! But, despite this, all bets are off early on, once you meet superdaughter herself. Kathleen Cody, as Wendy McCready, is no double for the Hayleys of yesterday—she's been put together with artificial preservatives. Her blond locks derive from a bottle (and the roots show), her eyebrows have been tweezed to death; she looks like the kind of girl you might send for through the mails. (As a kid behind me put it to his mother, "She's so fake looking.") You don't work yourself up suspecting that Wendy and her "hippie" have been up to something naughty—you know they have, possibly before shooting commenced. You also know that Crane's rescue mission is about as superfluous as a panty raid on a whorehouse. This certainty of carnal misadventures pushes fantasy out the window . . . and the rest collapses like a house of cards.

But the depression lingers. What is to become of us when even the Disney studios can't be counted on to cough up the all-American virgin of our lingering tawdry dreams? And then tries to pawn off in her place a facsimile who makes Marilyn Chambers seem a paragon of wide-eyed innocence. My perspective may be peculiar, but it seems to me that when the Disney lot produces a movie like *Superdad*, you had better believe this country is going to hell.

Conrack. The first half of this new Martin Ritt (*Hud, Sounder*) picture combines the most saleable elements of *The Wild Child, The Miracle Worker, The King and I* and, of course, *Sounder* itself to produce the most irresistible "message" entertainment imaginable. When Conroy (Jon Voight), Southern white bigot-turned-humanitarian, arrives on remote Yamacraw Island (off the Carolina coast) to undertake the teaching of two dozen illiterate black kids (who soon dub him "Conrack"), only a bully could fail to care about what will happen next. And sure enough, Conroy builds up our affection and the kids' respect by introducing his class not only to such skills as the ABCs and geography, but to Yoga, black pride, Beethoven and movies, too. The second half of the movie is, alas, somewhat more resistible. A curmudgeonly school superintendent (played by a curmudgeonly Hume Cronyn) starts gunning for Conroy, and the reasons for the good old boy's antagonism towards an obviously dynamite teacher are, beyond some vague fears of commie agitation, too ill-defined and uncompelling to hang any drama on. *Conrack* soon starts to shortchange the classroom and race instead through a hapless, predictable plot—finally settling for conventional tear-jerk devices at the end. Too bad, because the first hour promises more than that. But even if one has reservations about the film, there can be none about Voight's performance, which is a spectacular display of vital energy and electric warmth—a genuine knock-out job. Madge Sinclair is also quite fine as a black principal with educational views somewhere to the right of Booker T. Washington. Longtime Ritt collaborators Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. wrote the screenplay from Pat Conroy's account of the true story, *The Water Is Wide*; disappointing as the sum total of their efforts may be, there's little doubt that they've come up with a box-office smash.

Busting. The idea of pairing Elliot Gould and Robert Blake as LA vice cops must have looked good on paper, but on film it doesn't pan out. The two stars go about their standard comic numbers independently of each other; there's no Newman-Redford-like rapport. Without that, this chronicle of the two honest officers' lonely battle against a crime king (Allen Garfield, playing a nasty character who shares his last name with that of a cretinous real-life American mayor) disintegrates into a second-rate reworking of a second-rate genre. Writer-director Peter Hyams has no sense of how to construct a plot: the story elements seem to have been shuffled randomly like a deck of cards. As a visual stylist, Hyams' main preoccupation is with corridors—of hotels, police stations, courthouses and hospitals. Mighty tiresome. And are we really supposed to like heroes who entrap gays and prostitutes for kicks?

The Pedestrian. Maximilian Schell's second directorial outing (his first was *First Love*) takes both us and him (he won an acting Oscar for *Judgment at Nuremberg*) back to those rather well-traveled haunts of collective postwar German guilt. Schell does have a particular twist in mind, one that involves the larger perspectives of history, but his heavy presentation of this philosophical superstructure often comes across as cinematic browbeating; there's too much tired Resnais-like cross-cutting between

his set visual metaphors. The film works best, and often hauntingly, when Schell pays attention to the characters and their story. There are scenes that mix complex emotions with an understated style for moving and even beautiful effects. When the title character, a German magnate with Nazi war crimes buried in his past, confronts his young mistress or an old school chum back from America, the emotional bite transcends the director's intellectualizing. As you might expect, Schell also has a terrific way with actors, who in this case include Gustav Rudolf Sellner as the ambiguous central figure, Gila von Weitershausen as the mistress, Peggy Ashcroft in a marvelous cameo as a war-weary matron and director Peter Hall (*The Homecoming*) making his screen acting debut as a muckraking journalist.

BOOKS

By Anne Schneider

Emerging from the the postwar baby boom

The Glorious Ones *by Francine Prose*, Atheneum, 175 pp., $6.95.

Passion and Affect, *stories by Laurie Colwin*, Viking, 179 pp., $6.95.

Within the past 13 months, two startlingly talented writers of fiction have emerged from the postwar baby boom. Both are still in their 20s. Both are women. And—if they keep developing at the rate they're going now—when the Alix Kate Shulmans and R.V. Cassills and Lois Goulds are weeded out from the shelves of enduring American fiction, Francine Prose and Laurie Colwin ought to still be around.

Judah the Pious, Francine Prose's first novel (published last year by Atheneum), is a strange, dense, beguiling tale set in the Polish court and countryside sometime in the past century, narrated, for the most part, by Rabbi Eliezer of Rimanov. ("Legend has it that the heavenly gatekeeper actually raised his arms and danced down the steps of his golden watchtower to greet the Rabbi Eliezer of Rimanov. . . .") A story of magic, love, miracles, faith, gentle humor—and of young Judah ben Simon, who completely captured our heart—it's the kind of timeless fable one keeps at the side of one's bed and to which one returns, again and again.

Francine Prose.

The Glorious Ones, Ms. Prose's new novel, is less satisfying. If there was an element of academic exercise about *Judah the Pious*—however brilliantly achieved— it's even more present in *The Glorious Ones*. But this, too, is a strange, haunting, vivid book, crammed with odd, otherworldly characters—like the beautiful Isabella, who, under pressure, flaps her arms like wings and quacks uncontrollably like a duck. Here, too, as in *Judah the Pious*, the lines between fantasy and reality are pencil-thin, eternally smudged. The vehicle is a seventeeth-century Venetian *commedia dell'arte* troupe, The Glorious Ones. The leader, the Captain and Lover, Flaminio Scala, is a huge, swashbuckling, totally endearing braggart and genius with an inspired knack for rhetoric and improvisation—and for casting his players in the roles they already play in life. At the beginning of the novel Flaminio Scala—who, in his relentless quest for fame, plunged a sword into his heart on stage—appears in a dream to Amanda Ragusa, the ugly little dwarf he rescued from a convent orphanage where she was "forced to sleep in cold, stone coffins, lined with moss" (an odd refrain that reappears several times through the book; the lines between mortality and immortality are also always being smudged, redefined). He asks her to have each member of the troupe write down the history of The Glorious Ones, that they might not pass from memory. Each does, in the process revealing much more than intended—the quiet despair, the insecurity, the pathetic defenses and painful, relentless flashes of self-knowledge that are the bases of their comedy.

Laurie Colwin.

Laurie Colwin's fiction is more visceral, less intellectual, often less polished than Francine Prose's. But while one reads Francine Prose as if in a dream, swaddled in an odd and unnatural silence, with Laurie Colwin's work one somehow becomes hypersensitive to *sound*—the metallic, irregular beat of rain on the air-conditioner, the hum of the refrigerator, foghorns bleating on the river seven blocks away. There's more of a sense of color in her work, too, and a sense of landscape. One knows whether there are leaves on the trees, whether her characters find the wind or weather uncomfortable.

And grand as Francine Prose's characters often are, as grotesque or bizarre as they often are—or as endearing—no one (with the possible exception of Hortense Calisher) can beat Laurie Colwin for zanies. Her characters are lunatics—even when they're sedate.

The two most interesting stories in the collection *Passion and Affect* are the studies from Ms. Colwin's novel-in-progress, *The Girl with the Harlequin Glasses*, and the title story, *Passion and Affect*. Both are peopled by Guido Morris and Vincent Cardworthy, old dear friends and first cousins. Guido adminis-

ters the literary end of the foundation he inherited, the Magna Carta Trust. Vincent is a free-lance statistician whose specialty is garbage. Both are tall, lean, eminently civilized, politely eccentric and "blessed with private incomes." Both suffer, quite staidly, over love: Guido's beautiful wife, the former Holly Stergis, has temporarily left him; Vincent has succumbed with a peculiar adolescent fervor to a passion for a smart, sharp-tongued Jewish girl from Chicago named Misty Berkowitz (Misty's endearments run to such comments as, "Rich people make me sick"). And Misty Berkowitz is a stunner. She's a snob. She's mean. She's flip. She's funny. And in her quietly manipulative way, she has Vincent Cardworthy quite under control:

"I don't mean to pry," Guido said to her, "but why are you giving Vincent such a hard time?"

"You guys," snickered Misty, "I haven't seen anything like you since junior high school. You're like thirteen-year-old girls."

"You have to admit you're not very nice to him."

"Why should I be? He has an easy life. Part of my function is to give him a hard time. It makes him feel alive."

Pain, for people like Misty Berkowitz, hunkers at the doorstep like a bag-woman. "Even if I did like Vincent," Misty tells Guido, "I'd never let him know. People shouldn't know I like them. It gives them the upper hand."

In an odd way, the women in Laurie Colwin's stories always have "the upper hand." They seem to suffer more, at times, over lost love, affection gone awry, than do their men. Mary Liebnitz, in the book's first story, *Animal Behavior*, suffers loss of love unmelodramatically, intensely—and perhaps more accurately and economically than almost any other woman in contemporary fiction.

But Laurie Colwin's stories are also full of women who suffer not at all: Greenie Frenzel, for example. . .

"You married guys kill me." Greenie said without inflection.

"My wife is away," said Benno.

Yeah," said Greenie, rubbing her lower lip. "Yeah." She sat down and then got up. "Yeah, shaw," she said.

If Ms. Colwin's heroines seem snide, it's because they have to be. If they are tough to the point of insensitivity, one suspects it's in reaction to the men with whom they've dealt (the husband, the proper, priggish, stifling academic in *A Road in Indiana* is one such relic). But they're also lively and bright and charming and they have some sense of where they're going.

This is the livliest, most interesting, funniest collection of short stories we've seen in some time. What's more, occasionally, in stories such as *Wet*, Ms. Colwin handles prose like a master butcher handles a knife. Both Francine Prose and Laurie Colwin bear watching—and reading.

MUSIC

By Janet Maslin

Bargain records: the secret world of Supermarket Rock

Supermarket Rock can be properly appreciated only by true fanatics, or by bored housewives with spare change. The term refers to those low-budget albums you can find in various supermarkets, drugstores, five-and-tens, pizzerias and discount houses the size of airplane hangars. Such outlets usually keep their records segregated by price range, with the $1.99-and-down group housed in large chaotic bins. Although the typical bargain album (like *Happy Louie and His Polka Band: Red Hot Polkas*, on MGM) is seldom of much interest, if you look patiently enough (and if you extend your hunting to enough different places) it is possible to unearth copies of just about anything.

Bargain records divide sharply into budget-label products and catalog cutouts. The budget-label group is by far the less interesting of the two, being comprised of the sort of stuff that gives the $1.99 bracket a bad name. Certain labels specialize in albums meant to retail at low prices; many of the major labels have special budget subdivisions (like RCA's Camden, which puts out old

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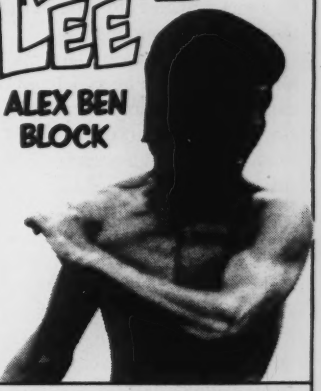

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Elvis Presley collections at much less than the usual list). Other labels, like Pickwick and K-Tel, are devoted exclusively to the budget field. K-Tel's specialty is pushy TV promotion, but they also supply stores with collections like *Best of Country Music, Volume 7*, while Pickwick reissues old albums in perhaps two-thirds of their entirety.

Catalog cutouts are major label albums that have been deleted from the catalog, presumably because sales have stopped. They start out at $1.99, and the longer they hang around, the lower the price goes; the trendier something is, the better its chances of becoming a cutout quickly. No budget bin worth its customers is without the original-label works of Canned Heat, Melanie or the Strawberry Alarm Clock.

However, what brings in the real connoisseurs is the fact that budget bins contain material that can't be found anywhere else. I was looking to borrow some seemingly unbuyable old Beach Boys albums a while back, and I mentioned this to one David Bieber, an acquaintance who was reputed to have a lot of records and to not mind lending them out. He said he'd see what he could do, and a few days later showed up with virtually every out-of-print Beach Boys album there is. Some of them—for instance, *The Beach Boys' Party*, their Christmas album—were admittedly collector's items, the kind you would've had to have started collecting at the time of their initial release. But others—*Wild Honey*, *Smiley Smile*, *Friends*—had cropped up in budget bins at $1.00 or less, and David had the stickers to prove it. He had also landed *The Beach Boys Deluxe Set* (three records) for $2.99 and an unopened copy of *The Flame*, an album on which the band's two new South African members had played three years ago, with Carl Wilson producing. That one had set him back a cool 39¢.

Now David, in all fairness, is a very special collector. He haunts every Zayre's, Woolworth's, Topp's, Stop & Shop, Bradlees and J.M. Fields he can find, particularly when the 44¢ sales are on (junk mail advertising keeps him posted), and when he leaves Boston for New York or his hometown (Cleveland), he makes thorough rounds (he claims Cleveland's pickings are especially good). David and his collection live in a seven-room apartment, with space devoted to magazines, files of press releases, countless singles, upwards of 10,000 albums and David himself (although probably not in that order). One of his lesser priorities is having an actual record player; he once went a year and a half without one, alleviating things by listening to the radio a lot. David's landlord, who lives underneath him, recently began to worry about the floor and suggested he use part of the basement for storage; that was at Christmastime, and ever since then David's been trying to get his records rearranged. He's been staying at home a lot since then, devising a new cataloging system and "trying to curtail as much outside life as possible."

Highlight items from David's collection illustrate the primary principle of cut-rate albumming: keep an open mind. Sure, anyone can appreciate a copy of *Dr. Byrds and Mr. Hyde* (English import) or Cream's two-record set *Wheels of Fire*, both of which David spotted for 59¢. But a lesser devotee might pass up *Edison's Greatest Hits* (that's *Thomas* Edison, in a set of old

David Bieber and his most prized possessions.

cylinder recordings) at 44¢, Robert Vaughn reading *Hamlet* (67¢) or original soundtracks from *Midnight Cowboy* (33¢), *The Damned* (59¢) and *Get Yourself a College Girl* (featuring the Dave Clark Five and the Animals, at 49¢). Not everyone would understand the camp value of a Napoleon XIV album (remember "They're Coming to Take Me Away"?) at 50¢, the culture-gap value of the Simon Sisters' *Winkin', Blinkin' and Nod* (Carly and Lucy singing folk songs, wearing their finishing-school finest) at $1.00 or a sheer bargain like Don Covay's *Seesaw* or the Jive Five's *I'm a Happy Man* at 10¢ each. Every now and then David gets a little carried away, like the time he invested 59¢ in an album called *Beware the Bantams* because he liked the liner notes, and because—the Bantams being three freckle-faced punks with an average age of 10.3—he thought it "proof of just how low rock could sink." But for the most part his taste is more than sound, limited only by the $1.00 price ceiling he's begun to impose upon himself of late.

But even if he's no longer buying recent cutouts at $1.99, David still likes to keep one eye out for what's available and another one out for suspicious situations. The Kinks' *Muswell Hillbillies* is so abundant at $1.99 he can't see how RCA could have miscalculated so badly and pressed such an oversupply—unless, of course, someone saw fit to keep minting copies for supermarket sales when they noticed how well the album was suddenly doing at those prices. (When an album is remaindered, the artist collects no royalties.) After all, in a fit of corporate confusion, RCA once remaindered a batch of Grunt records while Grunt, an RCA subsidiary, was still advertising them to dealers as catalog items.

I doubt very much whether I could have gotten a straight answer about that from RCA. But that's not fair, because after making a few even simpler phone calls I just gave up trying. The budget-record business is cloaked in an astonishing veil of obfuscation, even though someone at the National Music Publishers Association (a group that polices violations of publishing royalty payments) assured me that budget labels like Pickwick present "no particular problem, no more than the rest of the industry." When I called a usually well-informed friend at Capitol to find out whether Pickwick pays anything more than the bare legal minimum, she had no idea. She suggested I call Pickwick's parent company in Minneapolis, then cheerfully added that "they'll probably tell you it's none of your business."

The main office for the Zayre chain of discount houses behaved as though I were a corporate spy—which, I suppose, I could easily have been. They refused to explain anything at all about their pricing policies. Finally, one big New England distributor of budget albums balked at even the simplest questions about distribution (for instance, are the same records circulated from store to store?). As an experiment, I tried asking one of their employees the most innocent question I could come up with: do they keep a shrink-wrap machine on hand to replace the cellophane when it gets too badly shopworn? "I'm really not interested," sniffed the employee, "in giving out that information."

I don't remember exactly who hung up on whom, but you can bet that next time I'll be taking my 44¢ elsewhere.

Blue Magic (Atlantic). Soft, sweet, delicate and smooth is just an understated description of this fantastic new group. Love is Blue Magic's theme, and the group has a unique way of getting right down to the core of the soul. Their style can only be compared to that of the Stylistics, Main Ingredient and the Chillites combined. The album mainly consists of fragile ballads. Very personal and sensitive lyrics leave the impression that Blue Magic is serenading only you. On two of the cuts, "Look Me Up" and "Welcome to the Club," when they change the tempo and get a little funky, it's a cool funk that doesn't jump but flows and glides. Blue Magic's single release "Stop to Start" is on its way to being their first super smash hit. This entire album is definitely the best release of the year. It makes you want to hear more from this new group, and I certainly can't wait.—**Cynthia Wilson**

Saints & Sinners *Johnny Winter* (Columbia). Sort of a counterattack album, and so good it should provoke startled appreciation from even the most stubborn non-admirers. Johnny dessimates his previous rep for noisy excess with almost as much intensity as he used to devote to the screamy blues; the album is tight, tough rock and roll, totally controlled yet all the more blistering for its new restraint. Winter makes the transition to pure rock without forfeiting any of his personal style; instead, the change gives his style more focus than ever before.—**Janet Maslin**

Windfall *Rick Nelson and the Stone Canyon Band* (MCA). Another extremely pleasant effort from someone whose main virtue has always been determination. Nelson always seems to know exactly how he'd *like* to sound, even if the lacks the larynx or gut intensity to fully bring it off. He's a lot more at home with the low-key country rock of the last few albums than he was stumbling through "Honky Tonk Women." And he also shows off his single greatest talent here, that of attracting extremely gifted sidemen. Tom Broomley's steel guitar makes the album; Dennis Larden, who plays lead guitar and wrote half the songs, was an original member of Every Mother's Son, who's clearly gone on to better things.— **J.M.**

Unborn Child *Seals and Crofts* (Warner Bros.). Sweet harmonies, fine musicianship, a gentle, unique hybrid of jazz and middle-of-the-road styles. Prettily performed, but the lyrics may pose some problems where nothing else does, especially those of the title song (a right-to-life plea). "Big Mac" is about a truck, not a hamburger.—**J. M.**

Sonny Rollins Vols. 3 and 4: What's new? Our Man in Jazz *Sonny Rollins and Company* (RCA). This invaluable reissue series continues with some of Sonny's best work and some of his strangest. *What's New?* offers his bossa-nova- and calypso-tinged genius backed by a couple of incongruous carnival choirs—which Sonny turns into the sweetest dance music north of St. Thomas, nevertheless. The live session on Volume 4 with Don Cherry and a masterful Billy Higgins is unmatched for absolute brilliance and fertility of imagination. Sonny uses his trumpeter as a straight man and parodies and plays off him with a miraculously Nabokovian sense of humor. And his mid-1962 solos on "Oleo" (and "Jungoso") predict the "discoveries" of Pharoah Sanders and Albert Ayler several years before they actually occurred. Unfortunately, the original producers chose to fade out some of the best cuts prematurely, and for that they deserve at least a furlough in hell.—**Peter Occhiogrosso**

Puccini Tosca *New Philharmonia Orchestra, The John Alldis Choir, Zubin Mehta, Conductor* (RCA, 2 Records). Leontyne Price uses all the colors in her sumptuous voice to convey the many faceted character of Floria Tosca, giving us her finest portrayal to date. Coupled with the sensitive, understated Cavaradossi of Placido Domingo, we are treated to that rare balance of musical and dramatic values lacking in most portrayals of Puccini's ill-fated lovers. Sherrill Milnes has his moments as Scarpia, but they are few: his phrasing is often clumsy and his dramatic involvement never more than superficial. Zubin Mehta provided the direct and energetic leadership essential to a fresh reading of this often recorded work.—**Stanley Boczek**

Homesick Ain't Sick No More *Homesick James* (ABC/Bluesway). Born 1910 (same as Wolf) in Tennessee, this thoughtful singer and slide guitarist ran with Blind Boy Fuller, Sleepy John Estes, Johnny Shines, Robert Jr. Lockwood, Big Walter Horton and Sonny Boy Williamson. He and cousin Elmo James characterized Chicago slide. A dozen original songs, aided by Snooky Pryor (harp), Eddie Taylor (guitar) and Dave Myers (bass), make this LP Homesick's best in years.—**Anton J. Mikofsky**

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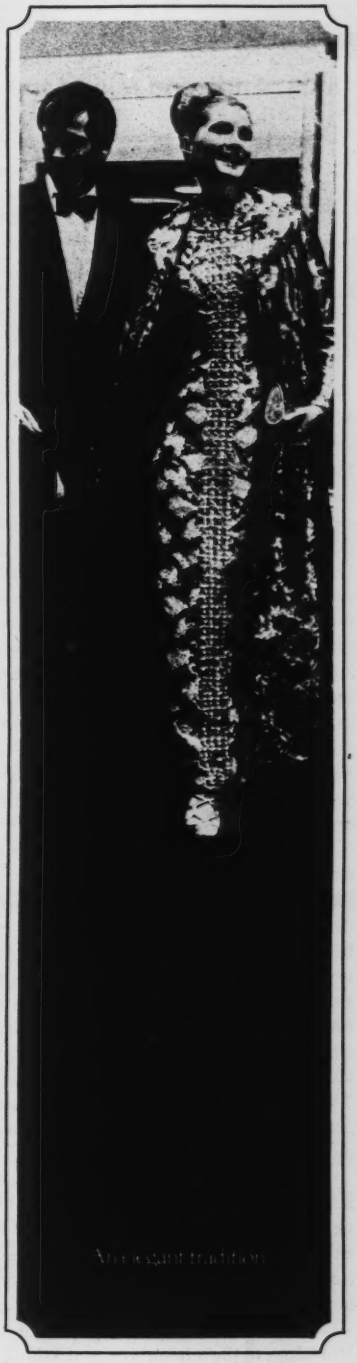

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TV

By Stuart Werbin

Amos, Andy and Miss Jane Pittman

"Poppa, tonight I want to watch an all-black TV show."

"Where you gonna find an all-black TV show, son."

"Here's one. The Milwaukee Bucks against the Los Angeles Lakers."

. . . . Ralph Carter to John Amos on CBS's *Good Times*

Today, he resides and presides over the Mystic Knights of the Sea Lodge in the small, neglected "colored" section of TV Heaven. He wears robes as white as his teeth. Long ago he surrendered such earthly possessions as vest and suspenders, but he's still easily recognized as George Stevens, the Kingfish. He doesn't do much business these days, except for the monthly collection of payments on the 14k solid fool's gold harp he sold Andy Brown back in the early '60s, when the N.A.A.C.P. first felt enough muscle to convince the nation's broadcasters that the highly popular TV version of *Amos and Andy* was racist, in bad taste and detrimental to the advancement the organization was struggling for.

But angels have no time for bitterness; the Kingfish bathes blissfully in the deevine leisure he knowed he always deserved. Still, there's no way he can help picking up the soulful vibrations booming through Mama Earth's ionosphere and off his cloud without slapping his halo against his forehead and exclaiming, "Holly mackeral der Andy, it looks like colored folk TV. I mean black TV, Andy, has finally done caught the gravy train, and we is up her missin' payday."

"I sees what you talkin' about Kingfish," Andy replies, tipping his derby and scratching his head. "I can hear dem singin' 'ain't we got good times' sho'nuff, but it's still a mystery how they done got 'em."

"Well, Andy, I been paying close attenshun to the sitchiation, and I think I got it figured out. There's this dude name of Norman Leer, see, and after a couple of years of hustlin', he done convinced CBS to let him put on this show about a bigot named Bunker. Well Bunker become such a big hit they couldn't believe it. He even bigger than Lucy."

"Lucy? Is she still boppin' round down der?"

"Andy, dat lady gonna be runnin' and rerunnin' down dare long after she gets bored wif bein' up here. Only thing you don't see dat mambo bandleader much anymore, 'cause it ain't hip to be Cuban anymore. In time dat'll probably see a change, too. Anyway, back to Bunker the bigot. He become so popular that CBS tells Norman Leer he can have another TV show about Bunker's wife's

John Amos and Esther Rolle of CBS's *Good Times*.

cousin, who is a liberal livin' on Park Avenue. Meanwhile, NBC is havin a lot of success with Flip Wilson."

"Who's he?"

"Well Flip Wilson is a comedian like Milton Berle, only more sophisticated."

"You mean he don't put on no dress?"

"No, he do dat. He's more sophisticated in other ways. Anyway, he so successful dat NBC give another show to Red Foxx."

"Red Foxx? Amos and me used to have to go up to 125th to buy his party records under the counter from Calhoun."

"I know Andy. But now he's become the second-biggest TV star behind Bunker the bigot. He plays a junk dealer who works out of his house."

"Sounds like Bill's Fix-it Shop from Beulah."

"I know it sounds like that. And Florida, who is the maid to the Park Avenue liberal name of Maude, could sound like Beulah herself, 'cept the writers and producers are extra careful to make sure she don't seem dat way. Anyways, Florida become so popular that CBS tells Norman Leer she can have her own show, too. And that's why they singin' 'ain't we got good times.' "

"Le' me see if I got this straight now Kingfish. Bunker the bigot begot Maude the liberal who begot Florida the black maid."

"Thas almost right Andy, 'cept they say spinoff instead of begot. And she's no maid anymore. Now she's the head of a family livin' in a Chicago project, all of whom have trouble findin' work and rent money."

"Dat souns like the same kind of thing we got in trouble for 15 years ago."

"I know. I know. But things are different now. White people gotta learn to laugh at poverty 'cause they gettin' it back again, too."

"When can I see these shows?"

"Well, on Friday you got Red Foxx as Sanford goin' on at 8 on NBC while CBS is warming people up for *Good Times* by showin' something called *Dirty Sally* 'bout white trash. Then after *Sanford and Son*, NBC hopes people stay tuned to *The Girl with Something Extra*, which stars the old flyin' nun in another one of those superstition shows that white folks like so much, instead of *Good Times*. And dat's dat.

"But Kingfish, what about this *Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman* that I heard Ralph Ellison and Richard Wright talkin' about. What's her trick?"

"Well Andy, dat's a horse cart of a different color. White folks say dat's the best movie ever made for TV. We always been able to make them laugh and dance. But artists like Cecily Tyson and Paul Winfield are makin' them feel our pain. Makin' them cry, makin' them take the originality of our soul seriously. And dat's the beginnin' of real good times.

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2. Sell fresh Florida oranges to a couple in Shaker Heights, Ohio.
3. Get a job as a creative thinker in Fresno, California—no experience necessary.
4. Buy an antique roll top desk from a retired legislator in North Carolina.
5. Sell your book on the hard evidence for life after death.
6. Support the "Impeach Nixon Drive" at a party in San Clemente.
7. Sell your services as a free-lance writer to a new magazine publisher in Austin.
8. Go on a backroads antique and auction weekend next time you visit Philadelphia.
9. Join the meal-of-the-month club in Denver.
10. Learn about the gay crisis and information line in New York.
11. Let people everywhere know you'll perform interfaith marriages.
12. Learn to scuba dive at home for fun and profit.
13. Trade the decoupage you created last year for a handmade Appalachian quilt.
14. Take a home course in car repair to get you through the Sunday shutdowns.
15. Sign up for an all singles Canadian moose hunt.
16. Get home-pickled pears from a nice grandmother in Portland.
17. Sell wild rice to a gourmet dinner club in Allentown, Pa.
18. Find a taker for your complete collection of LIFE magazines.
19. Start your own chess by mail game.
20. Swap your genius for building bookcases for a freebie "working" vacation in the Caribbean.
21. Get nationwide abortion information with one quick call.
22. Find an Aquarian Yoga studio for physical well-being and spiritual awareness.
23. Get out of your head and into body at a theatre workshop in Cincinnati.
24. Learn how to make gasoline out of trash from an inventor in Montclair, N.J.
25. Sell your 1820 Clementi Clavichord to a retired violinist in Boca Raton.
26. Buy a house-broken deer from a family in Oklahoma City.
27. Sell your collection of political campaign buttons to an eager dealer in Houston.
28. Have your puppy's personal astrological chart prepared by an expert in N.J.
29. Sell your authentic Grandfather Clock kits to do-it-themselfers from Maine to California.
30. Sail a three-masted Danish schooner from Martinique to wherever.
31. Buy your brass bed direct from the factory in West Virginia.
32. Find a collaborator for the Great American Musical Comedy.
33. Sell your 1967 Iso Grifo to a racing car nut in Pocatello.
34. Save $40-$50 on sheepskin coats from England.
35. Discover Easter Island on the one airline that's flying there twice as often this year.
36. Buy an antique broom-making machine from a gent in Tennessee.
37. Simply tell someone you love them.

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Fairwell to the glass menagerie

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Mark Goodman

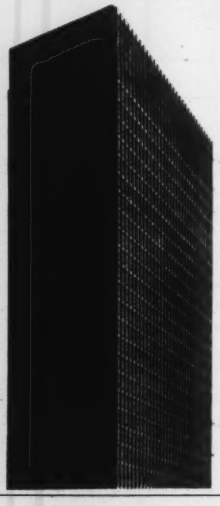
The Seagram Building always looked to me as if it had sprung in full glory from the pages of *The Fountainhead.* Designed by Mies van der Rohe and Philip Johnson, it clearly deserved to be exalted—as it often was—in such Ayn Randian terms as "sermon in glass" and "statement in bronze." It is a breathtakingly beautiful building: 38 stories of amber glass and bronze mullions soaring above Park Avenue, a glittering reflection of a rich, productive, all-consuming culture. Its doors opened in 1958 onto a heated plaza unsullied by ice or snow. Within is a meticulously controlled environment in which any occupant could undergo emergency surgery with excellent prospects for survival.

Innovative as it was, the Seagram Building did not make—or break—the mold. Beginning with the Lever Building in 1952, a glass curtain rose across the land. There is San Francisco's Crown Zellerbach Building, the Republic Bank in Dallas, Chicago's Hancock Tower and, in the ionosphere above Wall Street, the new World Trade Center. They represent the architectural leitmotif of postwar America; indeed, virtually every commercial building erected in the U.S. in the last 25 years has been a variation on a single design theme—the hermetically sealed glass menagerie.

The concept was good at the time—a time when we believed our stores of energy to be boundless. Glass buildings were both aesthetically beautiful and economically practical—in a time when our aesthetics ran to hymning the wonders of booming America and our sole fiscal consideration was initial cost. After all, a square foot of glass is cheaper than a square foot of any commercial masonry. In terms of labor, whole sides of glass can be flung up in the time it takes to trowel a few square yards of brick. Of course, brick could support windows that opened, while the very aesthetic of the glass curtain called for an unbroken surface; hence, a closed, totally independent, environment.

It was so simple, so easy, so functional, that the style seemed destined to endure for a millenium. But the energy crisis forced the architectural profession to take a second—much harder—look. Builders discovered that the money saved on the initial costs of glass-curtain construction was squandered several times over on increased operating costs for air-conditioning and heating. Glass neither keeps out the winter cold nor the summer heat; old-fashioned bricks and stones do both. Even when the temperature outside is just right, glass buildings cannot take advantage of it because the windows do not open. A small-scale model illustrates the point: a solid glass wing (by Mies, of course) that was recently grafted onto the Houston Museum doubled the size of the plant, but tripled the air-conditioning costs.

Thus, the dark side of the glass curtain. Mirrors of waste, our buildings have become harbingers of want. Day by browning day, architects and builders are becoming uncomfortably aware that their loftiest creations may someday transmogrify into see-through mausoleums.



Richard Stein, the New York architect-teacher who seems most concerned with the problem, estimates that buildings designed with conservation in mind might use 75 percent less energy than the modern skyscraper. To some extent, our architectural future may lie in our past. A major lesson of the energy crisis is that we must retreat from some of our quantum technological advances. There are savings to be gained in ambience as well as in energy. Rose tints, heated plaza and all, the Seagram Building is simply the culmination of a style that represented relentless anonymity: identical lighting, interchangeable cubicles, unvarying temperatures. In recent years architects have rediscovered the joys of eclecticism and antiquity. In Washington, D.C., and San Francisco, last century's warehouses have been transformed into attractive shopping complexes. Along Boston's waterfront, several old factories have been converted into high-rent apartment buildings. The moral seems clear enough: we have to tone down the orgy of wrecking and rebuilding that has characterized the construction industry for the past three decades. Too many buildings have been demolished that were structurally sound and internally functional, only to be replaced by monotonous steel-and-glass monoliths. And those old masonry buildings were not so bad, after all. Remember how it was. in the middle of a busy working day, to take a breath of pre-packaged air or ponder a passing cloud merely by reaching out and opening a geranium-bedecked window? ●

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The Madras.

(How to do what we couldn't.)

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To make a Madras, pour 1½ ozs. Smirnoff, 3 ozs. of cranberry juice and 1½ ozs. of orange juice into a glass of ice and stir.

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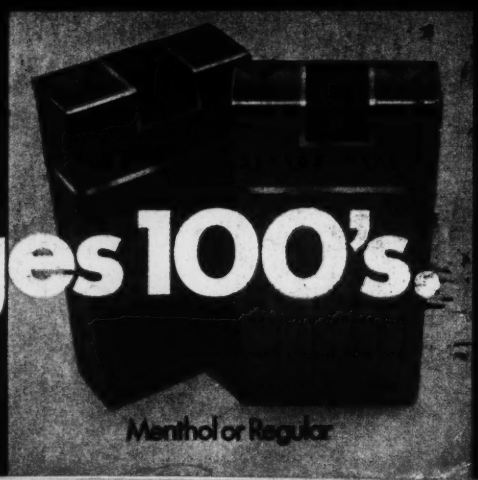

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